

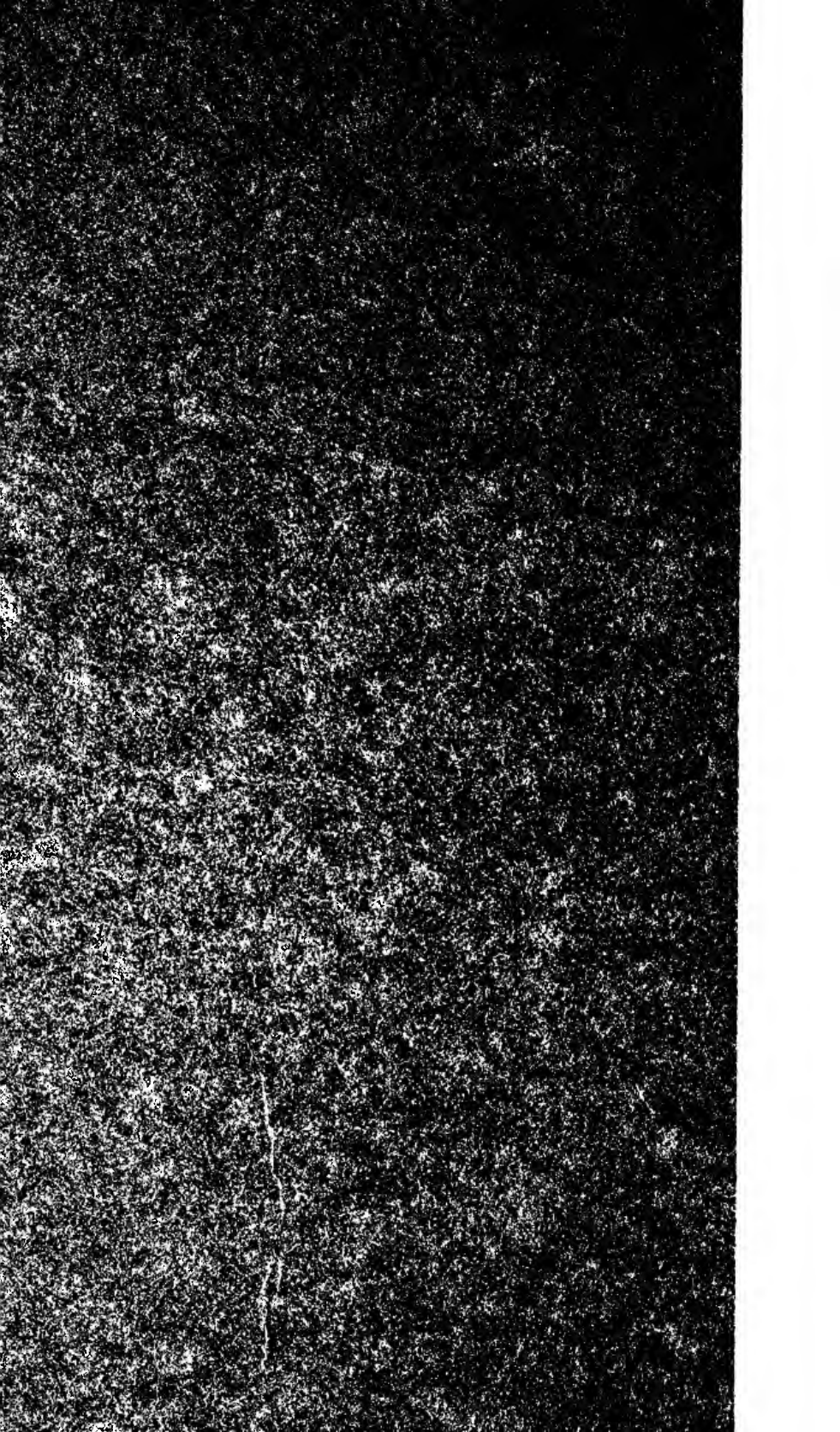


Class PS1254

Book C9 B8

Title _____

Imprint _____



French's International Copyrighted in England, her
Colonies, and the United States Edition of
the Works of the Best Authors.

No. 141

THE BUTTERFLIES

A Comedy
in Three Acts

BY
HENRY GUY CARLETON

—•••—
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY SAMUEL FRENCH
—•••—

CAUTION:—Professionals and Amateurs are hereby notified
that this play is fully copyrighted under the existing laws of
the United States Government, and nobody is allowed to
do this play without first having obtained written
permission of Samuel French, 24 West 22d St.,
New York City, U. S. A.



PRICE 25 CENTS

LONDON
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.
26 SOUTHAMPTON ST.
STRAND

NEW YORK
SAMUEL FRENCH
PUBLISHER
24 WEST 22D STREET

THE BUTTERFLIES

A Comedy

In Three Acts

BY

HENRY GUY CARLETON

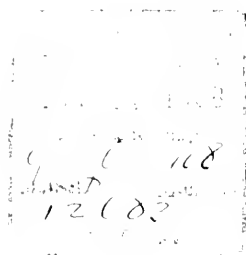
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY SAMUEL FRENCH

CAUTION:—Professionals and Amateurs are hereby notified that this play is fully copyrighted under the existing laws of the United States Government, and nobody is allowed to do this play without first having obtained permission of SAMUEL FRENCH; 24 West 22d St., New York City, U. S. A.

LONDON
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.
26 SOUTHAMPTON STREET,
STRAND

NEW YORK
SAMUEL FRENCH
PUBLISHER
24 WEST 22D STREET

PS 1259
C9B8



THE BUTTERFLIES

Produced at Palmer's Theatre, New York, Feb. 5, 1894.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

FREDERICK OSSIAN..... Mr. John Drew.
ANDREW STRONG..... Mr. Lewis Baker.
HIRAM GREEN..... Mr. Harry Harwood.
BARRINGTON, his son..... Mr. Arthur Byron.
NATHANIEL BILSER, on business..... Mr. Leslie Allen.
CODDLE, butler to Green..... Mr. Frank E. Lamb.
MRS. OSSIAN..... Mrs. Annie Adams.
SUZANNE ELISE, daughter to Green.. Miss Olive May.
MRS. BEVERLY STUART-DODGE..... Miss Kate Meek.
MIRIAM, her daughter..... Miss Maude Adams.

ACT. I. Drawing room in Green's Cottage, San Augustine, Florida.

ACT. II. Another Drawing room in Green's Cottage, San Augustine, Florida.

ACT. III. Green's house near Lenox, Mass.

FIFTY-FOURTH CONGRESS, SECOND SESSION,
CHAPTER 4.

AN ACT to amend title sixty, chapter three, of the Revised Statutes, relating to copyrights.
(January 6, 1897.)

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That section forty-nine hundred and sixty-six of the Revised Statutes be, and the same is hereby amended, so as to read as follows:

“SEC. 4966. Any person publicly performing or representing any dramatic composition for which a copyright has been obtained, without the consent of the proprietor of said dramatic composition, or his heirs or assigns, shall be liable for damages therefor, such damages in all cases to be assessed at such sum, not less than one hundred dollars for the first and fifty dollars for every subsequent performance, as to the court shall appear to be just. If the unlawful performance and representation be willful and for profit, such person or persons shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction be imprisoned for a period not exceeding one year. Any injunction that may be granted upon hearing after notice to the defendant by any circuit court of the United States, or by a judge thereof, restraining and enjoining the performance or representation of any such dramatic or musical composition may be served on the parties against whom such injunction may be granted anywhere in the United States, and shall be operative and may be enforced by proceedings to punish for contempt or otherwise by any other circuit court or judge in the United States.

Especial notice should be taken that the possession of this book without a valid contract for production first having been obtained from the owner, confers no right or license to professionals or amateurs to produce the play publicly or in private for gain or charity.

All persons infringing upon the copyright of “The Butterflies,” pirating the play in any way or manner, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Permission to produce this play must be procured by addressing

SAMUEL FRENCH, 24 WEST 22D ST., N. Y. CITY.

THE BUTTERFLIES

ACT I

SCENE OF ACT I:—*Drawing room in Green's cottage, modern style and luxuriously furnished. (See diagram) Arched entrance from veranda, up R. C. door R. door L. arch L. C. leading to another room partly shown. Table and two chairs L. C., well down; ottoman R. C.*

Enter GREEN and BARRINGTON L. C. rapidly. GREEN in loose white clothes, with a brilliant scarf; wears a palmetto hat on the back of his head. Is smoothly shaven, except for a little tuft under his chin, is about fifty years of age; rather florid face; sandy hair, slightly bald. Has a rose in his button-hole. BARRINGTON, young, dandified, dressed in height of fashion and wears a monocle.

GREEN. (*hurriedly*) No, no! You go alone to meet them,—never mind me—(*watch in hand*) You're late now—(*whistle of train in distance*) There's the train. Mrs. Stuart-Dodge and Miriam'll see enough of me after they come. Hurry, my boy! (*exeunt R. C. without*) James, drive quick! Jump in! Letters for me, eh? All right! Off with you! (*sound of wheels*) There you go! (*re-enters R. C. carries a number of letters in his hand, sorting them as he comes in*) CODDLE! CODDLE! O, CODDLE! (*enter CODDLE R. 2, dressed as an English butler; with little tufts under his ears; carries himself very stiffly, but without exaggeration*) Where the devil—Oh, there you are. What were you doing?

CODDLE. (*calm hauteur*) Seeing the rooms are in horder, sir.

GREEN. (c.) And are they? (*going L. c.*)

CODDLE (R. 2) Puffectly, sir. The chimeber-mide is just puttink roses in the vaws hon the tyble, sir.

GREEN. (*turns sharply*) The which is doing *what?* Roses in what?

CODDLE. (*importantly*) In the vaws, sir.

GREEN. (*puzzled*) Vaws? Didn't know I had one.

CODDLE. (*pointing to a vase up c.*) Like that one, sir, only smaller.

GREEN. (*goes up to it*) That's a vase.

CODDLE. Beg pardon,—Mrs. Hossian calls it a vaws, sir.

GREEN. (*looking at it*) She does, eh? Then it's fash'nable. (*reflectively*) Vaws — vaws! (*coming down. Aloud*) Tell my daughter that Mrs. Stuart-Dodge and Miss Miriam will be here in a few minutes. (CODDLE *going up L.*) By the way (CODDLE *stops*), Mr. Frederick Ossian and Mr. Strong will arrive to-day or to-night, on the yacht — the Albattross. Keep a look-out for her — and — which will be Mr. Ossian's room?

CODDLE. Next to his mother's, sir.

GREEN. (*going L. c.*) All right. Give Mrs. Ossian this letter. (*Looks at it. CODDLE bows, and exits up L. 3 arch — aside*) From her son, Frederick. Now I wonder if he has been donkey enough to tell her that I invited him to visit me. I'll bet he has,— and I wanted to surprise her. Coddle, take this — (*holds it out with his right hand, looking at the other letters in his left*) I hope Barrington gets there in time. Well, what are you waiting for? (*impatiently, then turns and sees that he has gone*) Why, of all the — (*re-enter CODDLE with salver L. 3*) Where in thunder have you been vanishin' to? Didn't I tell you to take this letter?

CODDLE. (C. *Injured air; stiffly*) I went to get the sawver, sir.

GREEN. (L. C. *Puzzled*) The sawver! What are you going to do with that silver plate? Eat strawberries and cream on the lawn?

CODDLE. That's the sawver, sir, as I halways 'and the letters hon. Mrs. Hossian hordered it for me, sir.

GREEN. (*change of manner; looks around; then, with lower voice*) Oh! What's the matter — ain't your hands clean? I suppose a sawver is fash'nable. Always do what Mrs. Ossian tells you to do. In some things, she's more like my sainted Sue — (*checks himself*) Take the letter, and give my message.

CODDLE. Yes, sir. (*exits, walking stiffly R. U. E.*)

GREEN. (*eyeing him*) Wonder if that's dignity, or rheumatiz. He does rile me, but (*sighs*) I suppose he's fash'nable, and my boy and girl has to be fash'nable. I'll have to stand it. (*sits at table L. C. — sorts letters*) What a bustin' lot of 'em. I remember when I was poor, I got only one letter in seven years, and that was from old Si Dannels asking me to loan him a dollar. And I hope, Si — (*looking upwards*) that between your spells of hally-loojerin, you'll remember that there dollar was more to me, than a million is now. (*sighs*) Ah, me! I'll bet Si would have paid that dollar if he'd lived fifteen or twenty years longer. Ullo! a letter from her lawyer — this will be interestin'. (*opens letter; reads*) "Hiram Green, Esquire, San Augustine, Florida. My dear Mr. Green — (m — m) — Mrs. Ossian's power-of-attorney to you has been recorded." (That's good!) "Under the circumstances, it is no breach of faith for me to tell you that her property is nearly buried in mortgages, and most of it would have been lost by foreclosure, if you had not paid the interest." (M — m!) — "I am certain that her son Frederick does not know the condition of her affairs,

as Mrs. Ossian has always insisted upon my absolute secrecy." (Well — he shall know — and soon!) "I will exactly follow your instructions. Yours faithfully, Abram Hutchins." (Just as I thought — bless her tender heart! — Let her grown son Frederick cavort around in society, scattering money like chaff, while the money sharks were grinding her to bits. (*re-enter CODDLE, with card on salver*) But now that I've got my clutch on her belongings, just wait till dear Frederick comes,— that's all — eh? (*takes card from salver, reads*) Nathaniel Bilser! (*then, inquiringly*) Bilser? Bilser? I don't know any Bilser. (*then suddenly recollecting*) Oh, yes, Frederick's tailor! (*then, to CODDLE*) Show him in. (*exit CODDLE R. U. E.*) Bilser! He came quicker than a streak of lightnin'! He's ahead of Frederick. I reckon we'll have a nice reception for Frederick — (*re-enter CODDLE, R. U. E. followed by BILSER; then exit CODDLE R. C.* BILSER in a business suit of English check, cut in the height of the prevailing fashion. Derby or soft hat of latest style. Should be rather a small man, smoothly shaven, except for side whiskers; an American attempting to appear very English. He is generally washing his hands with imagination soap. When speaking he punctuates his remarks with little affable bows,— he is easily frightened, and then he has a habit of backing away when spoken to) — and when he arrives,— (*sees BILSER*) Ah! Mr. Bilser! (*rises and goes up to meet him cordially; BILSER backs away a little*) I didn't expect you for two days. (*brisk scene*)

BILSER. I — I — This is Mr. Green? (GREEN *nods*) I was just about to leave New York — In fact, I had my ticket, sir, when your lawyer called and explained the — the business. In fact — I — but really! I don't exactly understand.

GREEN. (*bringing him down*) Then I'll explain. (*watch*) I have got to hurry, because my son's

financy's mother will be here in two minutes. My lawyer explained matters?

BILSER. I — yes, sir — Mr. Hutchins told me, sir, that he had arranged with two other creditors of Mr. Frederick Ossian's to assign their claims to me and he told me that if I would come to Florida and press Mr. Ossian, you would make it quite a considerable object to me.

GREEN. I will give you double the amount of the claim.

BILSER. (*well up R. C.*) I — really, sir,— it is impossible. (*GREEN about to speak*) I beg pardon, sir. Mr. Ossian has been our customer for years, and as numbers of the very best young men follow in his lead, his patronage is very valuable.

GREEN. I know that, but —

BILSER. (*deprecatory manner, but firmly*) I really cannot annoy Mr. Ossian, and — (*takes paper from his breast pocket*) here are the assignments.

GREEN. (*sarcastically*) And you have come all the way to Florida to tell me that?

BILSER. Oh, no, sir. I — excuse me, sir, but (*goes to GREEN, smooths down the sleeve of his coat; tucks up the shoulder, etc.*), I hate to pass any comments, but WHO made that coat? If it were not on you, sir — dear, dear, even the buttons are a misfit. If it were not upon you, sir, I would say that this coat had been partly made for William Evarts, and partly for Grover Cleveland.

GREEN. All wrong, eh?

BILSER. Dear,— no sir, not all,— the cloth is fair, but that is not the tailor's fault — quite shocking, really, on Mr. Hiram Green — (*low bow*) — er — Shall I take your measure now?

GREEN. No,— this evening. I will give you carty blanky. Is that the French for it?

BILSER. Well,— carty blanky — that's how they pronounce it in our best boarding schools, sir, but in

Pa-ree, I believe it is considered more swagger to say cawt blawnch.

GREEN. Cawt blawnch, eh? (BILSER *nods*) That's the swagger thing! Very well. Now you go ahead and do as I tell you. I don't want to annoy Mr. Ossian, but I want to teach him a lesson. A young man of his age and position ought to be at work, and ought not to be in debt, see? When a man is sick we give him a pill. Now he's wasting his time, and he's almost run through all his fortune, and I want to give him a pill.

BILSER. And I —

GREEN. You are the pill. (BILSER *starts*) Can I rely on you? (*watch*) Hurry up; Mrs. Stuart-Dodge will be here in a moment. (*going up R. C. and looking off*)

BILSER. (*crossing to L. C.*) I — Mrs. Stuart-Dodge — Dear me,—the very one I have come down to see. I —

GREEN. (*still looking off R. C.*) Come down to see Mrs. Stuart-Dodge, eh? Well, she will be here in a few minutes. Her daughter is engaged to my son.

BILSER. Dear me — I — how very unfortunate. (GREEN *turns down R. C.*) I — I — mean — that — that —

GREEN. You have business with her?

BILSER. I — yes, sir. In fact, sir — you see I too, sir, have just been betrothed to Madame Crettonne, the modiste, sir, in New York. Quite a union of hearts and business. She is the American Worth, sir,—I — only Worth is a man, and she —

GREEN. Oh, she is to make Miss Stuart-Dodge's trouser.

BILSER. I beg pardon, sir, her —?

GREEN. Trouser, wedding outfit, flummery, you know.

BILSER. Oh! I think, sir, you mean *trousseau*.

GREEN. Troo what?

BILSER. Troussseau.

GREEN. Troo-so. Well, they spell it trouser anyway. Is that what you came down for? (*goes up again*)

BILSER. (*showing uneasiness and trying to evade*) No, sir — I — Madame Cretonne has been creating gowns, or as I may say, confections —

GREEN. (*goes up R. C., looks off*) Confections?

BILSER. Con-fecti-ions, for a long time, she has been creating for both Miss Stuart-Dodge and her mother, but (*GREEN pulls out watch again, glances at it, then aside*), Dear me — very unfortunate. I promised Sophronia that I would collect her bill, or sue Mrs. Stuart-Dodge at once, and it's very unpleasant.

GREEN. Train is in,— Mrs. Stuart-Dodge will be here in a minute, and I expect Frederick Ossian on the yacht soon.

BILSER. (*aside*) I must not meet her here. I — (*then to GREEN*) I will go over to the hotel, sir, and will call some other time. (*nervously, crosses to door R. C.*)

GREEN. All right. I will tell Mrs. Stuart-Dodge that you were here. (*comes down a little C.*)

BILSER. (*comes down a little R. C.*) No, sir — I — in fact, sir, it might be unpleasant, as she does not know, sir, that I have come from Madame Cretonne. If you will let me, sir, see her here some time this evening, it will be better — I —

GREEN. Very well. But how about this account of Frederick Ossian's?

BILSER. I — I will think over your plan, sir, but — positively — Mr. Ossian, sir, is too valuable a customer, and I —

GREEN. I will come over to the hotel and we will talk it over.

BILSER. Very well, I — (*glances up R. C.*) I

will go down this side street, sir. I — I might annoy your guests, sir. (*low bow. Exits R. U. E. X. back of C. window exit L. U.*)

GREEN. Well, he is the politest I ever see. Come all the way to Florida to get orders for Miriam's trouser, eh? Troo-so. *However*, I suppose it's fash'nable to have tradespeople running after you. (*sits L. C. and begins arranging his mail*)

SUZANNE. (*without*) Papa! (*enters R. C. running. Is dressed in white, as becomes a girl of sixteen, has a straw hat hanging by its ribbons down her back; carries a large bunch of loose roses; is in great excitement*) Papa! O, here you are! Is it true? (*stops C.*)

GREEN. Is what true, chickie? Why, Susan, what —

SUZANNE. (*puts her hand on her heart; panting*) O dear, I ran all the way from the green-house. Barrington said —

GREEN. What did he say?

SUZANNE. (*going to him*) Why he came to me ten minutes ago, while I was cutting these roses for Miriam — and this one for you, that's wilted — (*puts roses on table; puts one in his coat*) and said, if I would lend him ten dollars, he would tell me something I wanted to know. Ouch! (*strikes a thorn in the rose*) And I loaned him the ten dollars you gave me last night —

GREEN. You will never get it back.

SUZANNE. I know that, — but I wanted to hear, — and he told me that Frederick Ossian, — and — (*with downcast eyes*) and Mr. Strong —

GREEN. (*with rising temper*) What!

SUZANNE. (*going C.*) He said that they left New York two days ago, and would probably get here sometime to-night. Is that so? (*stops; back to him*)

GREEN. (*getting up from his chair*) Well, if I don't lam that young cub within an inch of his life.

Did he say that? (SUZANNE *nods*) And did — did Mrs. Ossian hear him?

SUZANNE. N-n! He took me to the other end of the green-house, and whispered,— and he said you didn't want her to know, because you wanted Frederick's coming to be a surprise to her.

GREEN. (*mollified*) Oh, he did? Well, then it's all right. (*going L. and sitting again*) But, if he had told her!

SUZANNE. (*demurely, with eyes downcast, smoothing the roses*) Is Mr.— Andrew Strong coming too?

GREEN. (*busy with his letters again*) Certainly. It is his yacht, the Albatross, that Frederick is on.

SUZANNE. (*rapturously, aside. Sits on sofa R.*) He is coming! (*a pause; she buries her head among the roses, lost in reverie*)

GREEN. I want you to be very nice to Strong while he is here. He is a partner of mine in a big deal. Of course he's English, and a good deal older than you are, but try to entertain him, for your pa's sake. (*a pause*) Well! (*turning and looking at her*) Durned if she hasn't dropped off asleep. (*then sharply — sternly*) Susan!

SUZANNE. Oh! What did you say, papa?

GREEN. (*absorbed in a letter*) I said I wanted you to be specially nice to Mr. Strong when he comes.

SUZANNE. (*half frightened, and backing*) To — to Mr. Strong?

GREEN. Yes — and I don't want Frederick to be devoted to you.

SUZANNE. To be devoted to me? (*Aside, with a giggle*) He's head over heels in love with Miriam! (*aloud*) He won't devote himself to me. (*demurely*)

GREEN. He won't, eh? I'm not so sure of that.

SUZANNE. I am. He pulled Miriam out of the ocean last summer,— and of course — you know what always happens in such cases.

GREEN. Nonsense. She has just been engaged to Barry.

SUZANNE. (*doubtfully*) Ye-es — she's *engaged* to Barry — but I must hurry and dress and go down to meet Miriam.

GREEN. To meet Miriam? I sent the drag five minutes ago.

SUZANNE. (*alarmed*) Oh, what shall I do?

GREEN. Do? Wait here till she comes. It's all right. Barry went down, and he's the fash'nable one of the family. (*she draws herself up*) It's all right, chickie. I'm not fash'nable, you see, and I reckon that it's better to sort of keep in the background. Mrs. Stuart-Dodge'll like it better.

SUZANNE. (*indignantly*) Isn't her daughter Miriam going to marry Barrington? Isn't he my brother, and your son? Oh! I do get so tired of this world! (*throwing herself on her knees beside him, places roses on table*)

GREEN. (*petting her*) The *world's* all right, chickie — it's only that some of the people in it have got a little warped. Don't *you* worry. You're just as refined as can be made, and please Heaven we'll get Barry licked into shape after a while, and it don't matter about *me*. I'm common as brown sugar, but I've got sense enough to keep out of the wet. It's all right, chickie.

SUZANNE. (*with sudden spirit*) I won't know any one who thinks you are like brown sugar. There never was such a kind, dear papa in all the world — (*kissing him*) and Mrs. Ossian says —

GREEN. (*eagerly*) Says what? — Did she say anything? Tell your old dad. Aint she a fine woman? — more like your sainted ma than any woman I ever saw. What did she say?

SUZANNE. (*crosses to R. c.*) I'm not going to tell you, — you'd be spoiled. But she said all sorts of nice things. And her opinion is as good as any

one's, isn't it? She's got grandfathers,—and she's swell, isn't she? (*back to c.*)

GREEN. Grandfathers? She's got more grandfathers than would fill a bushel basket. Sh! (*rises — looking around — going c.*) I wouldn't have her hear for a pretty, but she is more like your sainted ma—'m—said something about me, eh? (*sound of wheels outside*) Ullo! Here they are! (*SUZANNE goes up c., looks off c. & R. Sounds of wheels up R. c.*) Ullo! (*SUZANNE runs out*)

SUZANNE. Here they are, papa! Quick, give me my roses! (*as he picks up the roses, she snatches them out of his hand and runs up R. c.*)

MIRIAM. (*without*) Suzanne. (*exit SUZANNE c.*)

SUZANNE. (*without, rapturously*) Miriam! you darling!

MIRIAM. (*without*) You dear!

GREEN. (*looking off*) Well, well, never saw such a lot of kissing in my life. How are you, ma'am?

MRS. STUART-DODGE. Oh, the sleeper!

GREEN. (*exits; continues speaking*) When you get through hugging my daughter, Miriam, I'll hug you. The sleeper was too hot, eh? They always are. (*enters with MRS. STUART-DODGE c.*) If I have my choice when I die, between going to the good old-fashioned Gehenna, or spending my time in a through sleeper, blest if I don't think I'll take Tophet.

MRS. S. D. (*as they come down to R. c.*) I suppose the railroads are so accustomed to being extravagant with coal—

GREEN. Oh, no, ma'am — that ain't it, not at all! You don't catch a railroad company using a pound more coal a year than they have to. No. It's the sleeping-car porters.

MRS. S. D. The porters?

GREEN. (*gravely*) Porters. Every porter is an African,—every African is born with a hot-house thermometer inside him, and the moment it falls

below a-hundred-and-ten in the shade, he has a chill. Consequently, every Pullman is kept hot enough to hatch eggs.

MRS. S. D. (*critically surveying the room with her lorgnon*) Charming — charming! You really have exquisite taste, Mr. Green. The architecture,—the works of art,—the coloring,—all perfect. (*sits R. sofa*)

GREEN. Not my taste. I don't know any more about architecture than you do about hawg killin'. It was Mrs. Ossian, ma'am. She went with my daughter Susan, and picked out everything, except that — that vaws — (*triumphantly*) Susan got that. (MRS. S. D. *starts at the mention of MRS. OSSIAN'S name*) Don't know what we'd have done without her.

MRS. S. D. (*assumed ignorance*) Mrs. Ossian? — Ossian? — Ah, yes — Barrington told me that there was somebody of that name visiting you once. She is — here still?

GREEN. (*nods*) Don't know what Susan would do without her. She's visiting Susan, you know. But you must have met her. She knows the very best. Of course, you know her.

MRS. S. D. (*aside*) Just as I thought,—a mere governess! (*assuming to but half remember*) Ossian? — Yes, I have heard — I think that is the name. Yes,—they are poor, but really quite respectable. She has a son, I think — Frederick? (*doubtful as to the correctness of the name*)

GREEN. Frederick. That's him. Nice fellow, Frederick, but lazy,—or —(*checks himself*) You've met Frederick?

MRS. S. D. (*with ill-concealed displeasure*) I — I have seen him several times. He was at Narragansett last summer.

GREEN. You don't like him.

MRS. S. D. (*smilingly*) Really, I have never had

occasion to analyze my feelings towards Mr.—Ossian, I think his name is?

GREEN. Speakin' of Mrs. Ossian,—she is the —
(*enter* MRS. OSSIAN L. 3 — *aside*) Here she is now,
—do be kind o' pleasant. (*then to* MRS. OSSIAN *as she comes down* L. C.) Er,—ma'am — er — allow
me — the honor — Mrs. Ossian, ma'am, Mrs. Dodge,
ma'am, my son's fianancy's mother — (*both ladies bow, coldly*) er, Mrs. Stuart-Dodge, I mean. I al-
ways forget that Stuart. Spelled with a hifalutin'.
(*goes up when* MRS. O. *is then down* L.)

MRS. S. D. (*furious, but controls herself, and smilingly*) With a hyphen.

MRS. OSSIAN. (*with unaffected cordiality, crosses to her* R. C.—*hand outstretched*) It is some years since we have met.

MRS. S. D. (*Ignores the hand; then sweetly*) So long as that? The time has passed very rapidly to me. Time always does when one is free from annoyance, don't you think? Where is Miriam? (*going up* R. C. *Laughter of* MIRIAM *and* SUZANNE *off* R.) Miriam, dear? (*goes up* R. C.)

GREEN. (L. C. *Aside to* MRS. OSSIAN) She doesn't mean anything. How could she?

MRS. OSSIAN. (C.) I fear it is on account of Frederick.

GREEN. Frederick! Just so! He gets you into more trouble in a minute than you can get out of in a year.

MRS. OSSIAN. (*pleadingly*) Don't, don't! (X. L.)

GREEN. Well, it makes me madder than a wet cat to see the worry that young man gives you. You wait till he gets here — you'll see. (*music* P. & F. *for* MIRIAM'S *entrance.* MRS. OSSIAN *remonstrates with him in dumb show during the following*)

MRS. S. D. (*at door* R. C.) Miriam!

MIRIAM. (*without*) Yes, mama.

MRS. S. D. Come, dear. (*enter* MIRIAM *and*

SUZANNE R. C. MIRIAM *in a travelling suit; arms about each other*) Miriam! Miriam, I thought you were with Barrington. (*sits R.*)

MIRIAM. (R. C. *As they come down a little*) No indeed! Suzanne and I have a hundred and one thousand things to say to each other — haven't we? (*gives her a little hug; SUZANNE nods*) And I suppose Barrington felt that he was *de trop* (GREEN *turns, holds out his hands*), — for he went back in the dog-cart to the Poncé de Leon. Why, Mr. Green! (*rapturously. Stop No. 2 music*) In that white hat I did not know you. (*goes quickly to him with hands outstretched. He meets her C.*)

GREEN. Didn't, eh? Blest, if I ain't so mixed up with your coming that I didn't know I had my hat on. I beg your pardon, both of you — (*to MRS. O. and MRS. S. D.*) Let go my hands (*to MIRIAM*), till I take off my hat. (MRS. OSSIAN L. C.)

MIRIAM. Not till you give me —

GREEN. Give you what? (MIRIAM *purses up her mouth*) Want me to kiss you? (*astonished; she nods*) Me? (*she nods*) I thought Barry had taken out a contract to do that?

MIRIAM. (*highly indignant*) Barrington never kissed me in his life, and isn't going to.

GREEN. Never?

MIRIAM. That depends.

GREEN. Well, it won't be said that Hiram Green ever refused an invite to sample cherries like those. (*kisses her*) Lord! Sweeter than pine-apple cream. Ain't she pretty? (*to the others; extending MIRIAM'S arms and looking at her*) Pretty as a primrose in June. Susan, come here. (SUZANNE *comes left of him; he puts his left arm around her, his right arm around MIRIAM. Then to MRS. S. D.*) Ain't I lucky? (*Then to MRS. OSSIAN*) There ain't two preciouser girls in the whole broad republic, than my daughter (*gives SUZANNE a little hug*), and my daughter-in-law. (*gives MIRIAM a little hug*)

MIRIAM. Not your daughter-in-law yet. Call me daughter,—I like it better.

MRS. S. D. The other will come soon enough.

GREEN. So it will.

MIRIAM. So it won't. I will let you know that this is the nineteenth century, and almost the twentieth, and Suzanne, and I are not going to marry until we get good and ready. Are we, Suzanne? (SUZANNE *shakes her head and nestles closer to GREEN*) And neither of us has begun to think about it yet, have we, Suzanne? (SUZANNE *shakes her head*)

MRS. S. D. That is chatter.

GREEN. I reckon it is. (*then with sudden thought, to MIRIAM*) Why, haven't you met Mrs. Ossian?—Mrs. Ossian, ma'am, I beg your pardon (SUSAN *up a step*), my future daughter-in-law, Miss Dodge—Stuart-Dodge,—I always forget that hifalutin'. (*up to SUSAN. MIRIAM crosses to MRS. OSSIAN eagerly, with hands outstretched. MRS. S. D. rising, shows displeasure*)

MIRIAM. I am delighted to meet you. I have often wished to meet you. I know your son Frederick—I—that is—I don't know him, but he rescued me from drowning at Narragansett.

MRS. S. D. Miriam!

MIRIAM. I never had a chance to thank him, but he must know that I am grateful and remember.

MRS. O. He has often spoke of you.

MIRIAM. (*eagerly*) Has he? What did he say?

MRS. S. D. Miriam!

MIRIAM. In a moment, mama. (*then to MRS. O.*) Did he tell you that—(*petulantly*) O, dear!

MRS. S. D. (*as MIRIAM crosses to her*) We must be dressing for dinner, dear.

GREEN. (*surprised*) Dinner! (*takes out watch*) Can't be that late.

MRS. S. D. (*in an undertone to MIRIAM*) I insist upon your being merely formal with Mrs. Ossian.

GREEN. Plenty of time before dinner. What in the name of the old Scratch did Barry go back to the hotel for? That boy is always — (*enter BARRINGTON R. U. E. dressed in the extreme of fashion*) Eh, you are here, are you?

BARR. (*affected voice down R. C.*) Ya-as, father, I have been over to the Poncé, and what do you think, — Captain Strong's yacht has just come up the harbor. (*SUZANNE starts at, and echoes STRONG'S name with a gasp of delight*)

SUZANNE. (*under her breath*) He has come! (*up to window*)

GREEN. Are you sure?

BARR. Oh ya-as — it's the Albatross — and who do you think he has on board? (*GREEN makes signs to him to keep quiet*)

MIRIAM. Why, whom?

GREEN. (*trying to check him. Aside*) Barry!

BARR. He has got Fred Ossian aboard.

MIRIAM. (*under her breath, with a start of delight*) Frederick!

MRS. OSSIAN. My son! (*goes up; looking off window*)

BARR. (*x. down L.*) Ya-as — no mistake. Saw him plainly through the telescope.

GREEN. Now you have gone and done it. I was intending this as a little surprise for you, ma'am. (*to MRS. OSSIAN*)

MIRIAM. (*aside; delightedly*) And for me.

GREEN. Do you see them, ma'am? I wanted to surprise you. (*then to BARRINGTON*) You spoiled all my fun.

MRS. OSSIAN. (*up R. C.*) Here is Frederick coming up the road!

GREEN. (*up to window*) Yes, that's him! I see him! And there's Strong! (*SUZANNE shows delight, and runs off R.*) Well, well! — both of 'em tanned as a dog-skin glove.

MRS. OSSIAN. (*to GREEN*) I am so — so much obliged to you for asking him here —

GREEN. Not a bit! — (*exeunt MRS. OSSIAN and SUZANNE R. U. E. waving handkerchiefs, then GREEN, aside*) More like my sainted Sue — (*exit R. U. E. MIRIAM up to window then down L. C. BARRY xs to R. C. MIRIAM xes up to steps*)

MRS. S. D. (*down R. C. to BARRINGTON*) I ask you as a special favor not to present this Mr. Ossian to either Miriam or me.

BARR. But, I — I don't understand —

MIRIAM. (*severely*) It would be difficult for any one to understand mama's objection to my being civil to a man who has saved my life.

MRS. S. D. Saved your life! — He *hauled* you out of the surf by the foot, — by the *foot* — and the beach was crowded at the time. It was shocking! (*sits R.*)

BARR. If he dragged you out by the foot, he is no gentleman, — but don't tell him I said so.

MRS. S. D. Dragged you out by the foot, — a total stranger to you —

MIRIAM. I am thankful that he dragged me out at all, and I do *not* understand —

MRS. S. D. (*crossing to R. C.*) Understand or not, I expect you to respect my wishes. (*exit grandly R. 2*)

MIRIAM. Did you ever? What do you think?

BARR. I don't think he acted like a gentleman, and I shan't present him.

MIRIAM. (*mockingly*) So cruel of you! (*crosses to C. trying to get a peep off R. C.*)

GREEN. (*without*) Well, Frederick! Ullo, Strong — got here at last, eh?

FRED. (*without*) Yes, at last. Well, well, little mother.

BARR. (*C.*) Ya-as, but why should your mother dislike Fred? She has never met him.

MIRIAM. (*C. well down, looking shyly off R. C.*)

Can't you understand? Because Fred — I mean Mr. Ossian — was polite enough to prevent my drowning at Narragansett that day — (*laughter outside R.*) mama must needs think I am in love with him. (*laughter off R. U. E. MIRIAM cranes her neck as if trying to get a glimpse of him*)

BARR. (*sulkily*) Look here! I will be jealous the first thing you know. (*res L.*)

MIRIAM. Jealous! It won't do you a bit of good. (*Re-enter MRS. S. D. standing at door R. 2. MIRIAM stealing towards C. evidently sees him, starts, averts her face quickly; catches her breath.*)

MRS. S. D. Are you coming, dear? (*MIRIAM straightens up and effects indifference*)

MIRIAM. (*languidly*) Yes, mama. (*going R.*)

BARR. I am sorry father invited Fred Ossian down here, for he is going to cut me out.

MIRIAM. Cut you out! (*laughs*) You? Impossible!

MRS. S. D. (*crosses C.*) There is not the slightest danger, my dear Barrington. I don't believe he has five thousand a year, and that couldn't keep a man nowadays in cigarettes and alimony. Miriam is only teasing you. Are you not, dear?

MIRIAM. (*with a sigh*) Yes, mama,— only teasing — that's all. (*exit R. 2. MRS. S. D. looking after her*)

BARR. (*crosses R.*) Miriam, wait a minute. I won't be made jealous, and if Fred Ossian thinks he can come down to my own house and cut me out —

MRS. S. D. My dear, dear boy. Cut you out? (*laughs*) Don't use that dreadful expression. Absurd! Only, I think we will announce the wedding to take place as soon as possible. I will consent to say — Easter week.

BARR. Easter week,— that's hardly a month.

MRS. S. D. It cannot be sooner, you know. (*laughter outside as before; she glances up; she lowers voice*) I do not wish to criticize your father's

selection of guests, but it would be better if Mr. Frederick Ossian's visit could be made as short as possible — you understand? If you could only manage to —

BARR. Be disagreeable, eh?

MRS. S. D. Not exactly disagreeable,— but —
(*Re-enter CODDLE R. C. with telegram on salver.*)

CODDLE. Telegram, mem.

BARR. I will.

MRS. S. D. You dear boy! We will talk about this later. (*ses to L. CODDLE exits R. 3. Takes telegram; opens it; reads; show indignation*) From Madame Cretonne! How dare she — (*reads*) "Further postponement impossible. The matter has been placed in the courts." (*then controlling herself by an effort, and placidly, to BARR.*) Remember — Easter week.

BARR. Easter week. (*laughs; exit MRS. S. D., R. 2. BARR goes up C.,— laughter off R. C. GREEN, STRONG, SUZANNE, MRS. OSSIAN and FREDERICK*) If you try any of your flirting tricks on my fiancée, Mr. Fred Ossian, I will see that everybody knows that neither you nor your poverty-stricken mother own more than the clothes on your back. Just try it on — (*laugh*) that's all. (*exits L. 3 C. renewed laughter No. 3 music lively.*)

GREEN (*without*) Well! Well! You never will learn Yankee ways, Strong! Here, Fred!

FRED. Telegram for me, eh? (*enter R. U. E. with MRS. OSSIAN. Wears uniform of the New York Yacht Club, with white trousers and shoes*) So, if you had known I was on the yacht, you would have worried — only a bit of plank between me and a watery grave, eh? Well, when I am ashore there's only a bit of shoe leather between me and a sandy grave. Never mind, little mother — (*with a hug*) wait until I buy my own steam-yacht, mile long. (*stop No. 3 music.*)

MRS. OSSIAN. If you ever buy a yacht, I'll die.

FRED. (*opening telegram. Moves to R. C.*) Well, if you don't die until I do buy one, you — (*reads telegram, his face falls; MRS. OSSIAN watching him*) The old skinflint! (*crushes the telegram*)

MRS. OSSIAN. (*L. C.*) My son! what is it?

FRED. (*trying to be cheerful; c.*) Oh, nothing —

MRS. O. Is it something about money?

FRED. Well, yes. Fact is, I asked old Abram Hutchins if he could not accommodate me with a thousand or two, until he has made some collections from our tenants. (*MRS. O. turns aside to hide her emotions. Sits R. of table L.*) I needed some money, and I didn't want to bother you — so I offered old Hunksie special rates of interest. He wires me — “Absolutely impossible.” (*MRS. O's lips move, echoing the words despairingly*) Of course, little mother, I do not know anything about business, and you do — but it seems to me that Hutchins is letting our tenants do pretty much as they please. It is now six months since he has remitted anything. I should think it advisable to take matters out of his hands — don't you?

MRS. O. (*nervously*) You do not understand. Our property is in a somewhat confused state, — and Mr. Green kindly offered to straighten it out for me — and I gave him an unlimited power-of-attorney — so you see that really Mr. Hutchins is not to blame. It will all come right in time, my son. (*aside*) I cannot tell him the whole truth, that we have almost nothing. (*res to L.*)

FRED. (*drops down L. of table*) Well, they'll have to wait — that's all.

MRS. O. (*looking at him searchingly*) They? Whom do you mean?

FRED. (*sits L. of table*) Why, I have always had two or three running accounts — lately they have been galloping rather hard, and — (*hesitates*)

MRS. O. (*clasping her hands*) Has any one dunned you?

FRED. Well — (*then with forced cheerfulness*) Everybody needs money at this season, you know — and I suppose that business is dull all over, but — (MRS. O. *rises xes to c. Going to her and kissing her*) Don't bother your head about it, little mother. If Hiram Green has our affairs in charge, suppose I ask him to advance me a little money on interest. We won't ask it as a favor, but merely a business transaction, eh? Shall we? (*petting her, and going up c.*)

MRS. O. Yes, I — I will ask him — and see what can be done. (*goes up L. c. with FRED. He looks off R. c.; she clasps her hands, despairingly*)

FRED. What a little woman Suzanne is getting to be. (*looking off R. c.*) It seems only yesterday I met her — dresses up to her knees — two pig-tails down her back — mouth smeared with chocolates. Do you remember what an odd figure she was on the piazza at Saratoga? Do you know, I think Strong is badly in love with her. I hope he will win her.

MRS. O. You hope he will win her?

FRED. Yes — but he'll have to wait till she grows up. (*R. c.*)

MRS. O. I thought you loved Suzanne.

FRED. I do.

MRS. O. (*with an apprehensive look R.*) But the — the other one?

FRED. The other one? — Miriam Stuart-Dodge — I adore her.

MRS. O. (*down c.*) I was in hopes that some day you might fall in love with and marry Suzanne.

FRED. I? *Suzanne!*

MRS. O. I am sure Suzanne is very fond of you — and —

FRED. But, my dear little mother, — Suzanne is growing, and needs three meals a day — I couldn't

support even a tomcat. But Miriam — (*rapturously clasping his hands*) Miriam!

MRS. O. My son! Don't! They will hear you.

FRED. They? (*she makes a sign R. 2*) In there? (*imitating her sign, and dropping his voice*) Who?

MRS. O. Haven't you heard?

FRED. (C) Heard what? Who is it? Anybody to collect a bill? Who is it?

MRS. O. Can't you guess?

FRED. By your frightened manner, I should judge it was (*pointing downwards*) — his majesty.

MRS. O. It is Mrs. Stuart-Dodge.

FRED. What? How did she happen here — and she? — Miriam? — Is she here? — (MRS. O. *nods*) Rapture! I shall meet her. My Miriam. How came she here? No matter. She is here: I shall meet her.

MRS. O. Frederick!

FRED. Let the whole world listen. She is adorable — Ever since that day at Narragansett, when I saw her sweetly drowning and pulled her out, I have loved her. I wish there were twenty eternities instead of a paltry one! — I would love her through them all, then begin again. (*æes L. MRS. O. æes to window C. Re-enter SUZANNE R. great excitement*)

SUZANNE. Fred!

FRED. What is it?

SUZANNE. (*emphasizes each word by tapping him on the chest*) Promise me something?

FRED. Promise what?

SUZANNE. (*glances up R. C. lowering her voice.* STRONG and GREEN appear, chatting. STRONG is about thirty-two; long blonde moustache; beard cut very close, dresses in yachting suit; cap on his head) Mr. Strong won't stay to dinner, because he isn't in evening clothes. You make him. I'll die if you don't. See?

FRED. (*imitates her*) Why didn't you write me that Miriam Stuart-Dodge was here? See?

SUZANNE. She only came a few minutes ago. She's in there. (*pointing R. 2*)

FRED. (*mimics her gesture*) In there? (*she nods*)

SUZANNE. She'll be out in a minute. Will you make Mr. Strong stay? If you don't, I swear I'll die. Promise?

FRED. Certainly — Strong! (*yes to c.*)

STRONG. Beg pardon! (*comes down R. c.*)

FRED. Strong, you must stay to dinner — Miss Green says she'll die if you don't.

SUZANNE. (*L. c.*) I didn't.

FRED. I stand corrected — Miss Green says she will die if you do!

SUZANNE. (*furious*) Miss Green said nothing of the kind. (*aside, to FRED*) I will pay you for this. (*aloud*) I only asked him to ask you — and papa knows it's for his sake I wanted you to stay. (*then to FRED, threateningly*) You see if I don't get even?

GREEN. Certainly! Strong, you must stay.

STRONG. I — (*looks at his clothes*) Then I must go back to the yacht, and —

GREEN. Nonsense! (*looking off R. c.*) Coddle, tell James to go down to the landing, and get a boat and go over to the yacht, for Mr. Strong's evening clothes. (*then to STRONG*) Strong! Strong! I said you could dress in my room. Tell James to hurry. (*to CODDLE. STRONG up to GREEN. SUZANNE yes down L.*)

FRED. (*to SUZANNE, who has gone to MRS. OSSIAN, and is nestling in her arms*) There — he will stay to dinner. Are you happy?

SUZANNE. No, I am not. I am perfectly furious, and I will never, never forgive you as long as I live. Are you going to dress for dinner, Mrs. Ossian?

(*Re-enter CODDLE, followed by a sailor with steamer trunk, hat-box, canes, etc.*)

MRS. O. Not yet — but — (*to FRED*) I will go up stairs and unpack your things. Are you coming, dear? (*to SUZANNE*)

SUZANNE. Yes. (*going*) Hateful! (*to FRED, making a face*)

FRED. Tut, tut — mustn't pout! I'll be up in a few minutes, mother, and we will have a chat.

MRS. O. Very well, dear. (*going up L. c. with SUZANNE*)

FRED. And won't you kiss and make up? Come here! (*crooking his fingers*) Yes — I've got something to tell you. (*jerks his thumb towards STRONG. She looks towards STRONG; then comes towards him*)

SUZANNE. (*eagerly whispers*) Well, what is it?

FRED (*jerking his thumb over his shoulder towards STRONG; and in a low voice*) Clean gone.

SUZANNE. (*whisper*) He is? (*FRED nods*) How do you know?

FRED. Never mind how I know. If I help you with — (*indicating STRONG*) — will you help me with — (*indicating R. 2*)

SUZANNE. Miriam? (*FRED nods*) You don't need any help with her.

FRED. How do you know?

SUZANNE. I know. You help me, and I'll help you! Is it a bargain?

FRED. A bargain. (*draws her to him, is about to kiss her*)

SUZANNE. N-n! You mustn't kiss me.

FRED. Why?

SUZANNE. Because I'm seventeen now — somebody will see you.

FRED. Oh!

SUZANNE. (*severely*) Hereafter our friendship is purely Platonic — (*then changing her manner to eagerness and whispering*) You won't forget! (*indicating STRONG*)

FRED. I won't — and you will — (*indicating R. 2*)

SUZANNE. (*whisper*) I will help you all I can.

Mrs. Ossian, let's hurry. (*taking hold of her hand*)

MRS. O. Don't be long, Frederick.

FRED. Ten minutes.

SUZANNE. (*kisses her hand to FRED*) Remember! (*points to STRONG*)

FRED. (*kissing his hand to her*) I do. Remember? (*jerking his thumb R. 2.* SUZANNE *nods; and exeunt L. U. E. with MRS. O. Looking R. 2*) She is here! (*rapturously*) I shall see her — Miriam! This morning the whole sky was clouded — not a ray of brightness anywhere — now — Miriam — I am dreaming. (*pinches himself*) Ouch! No, I'm not. This isn't heaven — it is Florida. She is here — I shall see her. (*sits L. C.*)

GREEN. (*aside to STRONG*) I will depend upon your silence, and that you will not offer to help him.

STRONG. I will not, but — really — too bad, don't you know — he's such a capital chap — quite extraordinary —

GREEN. (R.) He is a capital chap, but he needs a touch of the curry-comb. I'll make a man of him yet. Lord, what a picnic there *will* be! Not a word now.

STRONG. Not one — but —

GREEN. (*motions him to be still — then to FRED gaily*) Take care of Strong for a few minutes, Fred. (*exit R. 2.* STRONG *looks at FRED, comes down.* FRED *in reverie.* FRED *sits R. of table*)

STRONG. (*passing to above table*) Cheer up a bit, old chap. Your luck is bound to change.

FRED. Luck! (*reads telegram*) Look at that.

STRONG. "Absolutely impossible." What does that mean? (*sits in chair at fire*)

FRED. It means that I've got to look out for snakes.

STRONG. Look out for snakes? Extraordinary. Are serpents prevalent in this remarkable country this time of year?

FRED. (*springs to his feet*) Luck! I have the best in the world. But it's mixed like chow-chow! (*paces excitedly to and fro*) Think of it — first, my mother's tenants, for some devilish and unaccountable reason, stop paying rent — my income for the last six months wouldn't have kept an invalid parrot in peanuts — next, my creditors take a violent fancy to asking me financial conundrums about every other day. That's bad enough, eh? — But now comes the good! — she — my Miriam — (*pointing R. 2*) is here — we will dine at the same table — breathe the same air — and I — (*res to R. C.*) I who saved her life —

STRONG. (*rises, drops down L. of table*) Saved her life? You never told me that.

FRED. I never told you that? What did I tell you?

STRONG. You — you told me she was an angel — don't you know.

FRED. An angel! She is.

STRONG. And that — that she was like a flower — don't you understand — (FRED *nods*) — and — and all that sort of rubbish, don't you see? And that you love her, don't you know — but you never said anything about saving her life, old chap —

FRED. (*incredulously*) I never told you that?

STRONG. Quite incredible, but you never did. How did it happen? Saved her life — extraordinary. (*res to L., sits in chair L. of table*)

FRED. (*rapidly*) It was extraordinary — it was miraculous! It happened at Narragansett, — everything happens at Narragansett. You have never been to Narragansett? Don't go. It is all right, you know — but — it is Narragansett. She and I arrived the same day. I saw her first upon the drive, and that instant I loved! Then I saw her on the veranda, just before dinner, and I worshipped. Somebody told me her name! Miriam! It was music! Once, as she strolled up and down, she stopped near me — so near, that earth, sea, sky, the

babbling crowd — everything — swam around me, and I only saw, felt and heard — HER! In that moment she turned, and I swear that for an instant two little loves shyly nodded through the windows of her dear eyes, to the cupids who were frantically praying to her through mine. Only an instant,— then her lashes fell — and the scarlet swept to her cheek — and like the glimpse of heaven she was — she vanished! (*takes stage up*)

STRONG. And next time you saw her?

FRED. Next day — in the surf. She was one of two thousand,— I would have seen her if there had been two million. An object was with her — a tow-headed, spindle-shanked object! — and it couldn't swim. Together they tripped into the water. I hurried after. The billows raced — mad to clasp her in their strong arms, and hold her forever! The first knocked (*scathingly*) *him* — sprawling — but she — like a mermaid she dove through the green curve, and struck out — laughing and fearless. I was wild with terror. You know what ocean is — one moment a kitten — the next a tiger! I rushed after. Too late! A furious sea hurled down an avalanche! — she was gone!

STRONG. (*has risen and now kneels over chair L.* *Excitedly*) Gone! — and you!

FRED. I? — What wouldn't man do? My love — my frenzied agony — my despair — made me a giant! Like a flash, I plunged into the whirl of white and green — down — down — ten thousand howling sea-devils dragged me hither and thither — flashes of flame blinded my sight — my lungs were bursting for air — air! — still I struggled and reached — grappled in all directions — here, there — everywhere! — no use! I was hopeless — unconscious, almost — when suddenly my hand.—ah! it touched something warm — living — I clutched it — it was she! With one last desperate lunge I rose — like a Samson I battled — then another wild surge of waters shot us

shoreward, where a hundred strong hands were outstretched — we were snatched from the sea — she was saved — saved! — and I? — I fell and knew nothing! (*drops into sofa R. C. as exhausted.* STRONG, *who has risen during the foregoing, excitedly xes to him. Places chair back to R. of table*)

STRONG. (*hand outstretched*) Thank you! — It was noble — you were a hero — thank you!

FRED. Thank me! — for what? I didn't save her for you. I saved her for myself. You are getting things mixed.

STRONG. But — great heavens! — if even for an instant, you had let go her hand!

FRED. Her HAND! (*groans, averts his face*) — if it only *had* been her hand!

STRONG. I — I don't understand — if you didn't have her hand — I — I —

FRED. (*rising, pathetically*) Was *I* to blame if it wasn't her hand? — When a man is ten feet under water, with his nose full of sand, and his mouth full of jelly-fish, hustling around among the saddle-rocks and flounders to find the girl he loves — he's in a hurry! He hasn't time to LEAD her out (*appropriate gesture*), as he would his partner in the lancers! He's got to grab (*pushes STRONG back till he falls in chair L. C. Bus.*), and grab quick — and take the first thing he comes to! That's what I did — (*pathetically*) — I wasn't to blame, was I — but if you had seen the look her mother gave me when I brought her out, it would have broken your heart — it broke mine.

STRONG. Quite extraordi — have you ever seen her since?

FRED. No. You see, I had just strength enough left to gasp for a little whiskey to keep me from having cold, and the boys gave me enough to ward off nine cases of double-barreled pneumonia. Next morning — (*gesture implying big head*) — whew! — and before I was able to go out, she and her mother

had vanished, leaving only her memory behind. But that makes no matter! She knows and I know, and she is here! — here — and to-night I shall tell her what she knows already, that I love her — my Miriam — I adore her! (*walking up and down*)

STRONG. But how can she know that you love her?

FRED. How? — I don't know how, but she knows it — trust me — girls have a mysterious way of knowing things, like Providence.

STRONG. (*up L. C. Pulling his moustache, starts and evidently thinking of SUZANNE, with a look off L.*) Eh? — do — do — you think so?

FRED. Certainly — no doubt of it — a girl always knows when a man is in love with her. When she pretends that she doesn't — that's bunkum. When she says that she is so surprised — that's bosh. I know 'em. — If the man in the moon fell in love with a girl in Brooklyn — no need for anybody to tell her — she'd know it. (*re-enter SUZANNE L. C. SUZANNE comes on running, and stops short, seeing STRONG, stands with downcast eyes*) Isn't that so? (*to her*) You'd know in a minute, wouldn't you?

SUZANNE. I — I don't know anything — except that I forgot to get any roses for myself, and I am going out to the greenhouse to get some. (*goes R. C.*) If you were not so busy, and had so much to talk over with your mother (*demurely*) I'd like to have you — or — or somebody — come out with me and hold them. (*ves up to R. U.*)

FRED. (*ves up to her*) I see. (*seeing that she really wishes STRONG to go*) Well, — I'll go with you.

SUZANNE. Oh, don't, that is, I mean — I don't want to take you away from your mother — I wouldn't for worlds —

FRED. (*gravely*) Very well — then suppose Strong goes — will you, Strong — as a special favor to me? Will Mr. Strong do? (*to SUZANNE*).

SUZANNE. (*downcast eyes*) Yes — if — that is unless —

STRONG. Delighted — I — I mean — (*FRED takes him up*)

FRED. Certainly — just to oblige me — of course Suzanne would rather have me, and you would rather stay here — but — Heaven bless you both — (*urges them out*) — don't quarrel — and Suzanne — (*as they go*) — if both of you are to hold the roses at the same time — get long-stemmed ones!

SUZANNE. (*great dignity*) I — I don't understand you. Do you, Mr. Strong?

(*Re-enter MRS. OSSIAN L. 3 c.*)

STRONG. Certainly not.

(*Exeunt STRONG and SUZANNE C. going R. FRED laughs; comes down.*)

FRED. There is a great case. He is as brave as a game-cock, but he is deathly afraid to let her see he loves her.

MRS. O. Until he is sure that his love is returned, he is wise not to —

FRED. Not a bit of it. A girl wants to have her heart carried by storm like a fortress — and to the man who hesitates, she says she will be a sister. No, no — I remember your telling me how father dashed at you — wooed and won you before you had time to think. You loved him for it — and that's the way I am going to woo her — (*res to L. c. Looking R. 2*) — you watch me — my Miriam —

MRS. O. (*R. c. Agitation*) But Frederick — my son — if you only knew —!

FRED. (*c.*) I do know. — I know that I love her — I know that she is adorable!

MRS. O. But Frederick — her mother — you are poor and —

FRED. But I saved Miriam's life. You shall see her mother rush into my arms. (*re-enter MRS. S. D. R. 2*) — here she is now. You shall see. (*very elated; preparing himself for the introduction*).

MRS. O. (*distractedly*) But Frederick — (*sees her*)

MRS. S. D. (*smoothly*) I had hoped that you were alone.

MRS. O. (*confused at first, then calmly*) I — Mrs. Stuart-Dodge — this is my son, Frederick.

FRED. (*goes forward with alacrity, hand outstretched*) Most charmed — I assure you — I — (*checked by her coldness; she acknowledges his bow by little more than a downward motion of the eyelids; he stops, with his hand still outstretched*) quite so — I mean — (*clasps his own hand*) Delighted!

MRS. S. D. (*sweetly to MRS. O.*) At your earliest convenience, I would like to confer with you.

MRS. O. (L. C.) Certainly — now if you wish.

MRS. S. D. (R. *with a glance at FRED*) Well, — soon, I hope. (*with a slight movement to go*)

FRED. (R. C.) I infer, from your delightful cordiality, that you desire that conference to be at some time when my presence is omitted.

MRS. S. D. You are almost clairvoyant. But another time will do, if —

FRED (*extreme urbanity*) No time like the present. Besides I may chat with my mother at any time, but you seldom *have* had, or *may* have — that honor. (*profound bow, which she acknowledges as before. He goes up* R. C.)

MRS. S. D. Mr. Ossian. (*he turns*) Upon second thoughts — perhaps it is better that you remain. (*exes* R.)

FRED. (*quietly, with dignity*) That shall be as my mother desires.

MRS. O. Remain, my son. (*sinks into chair at table*)

MRS. S. D. (*to MRS. O.*) I thank you. (*to FRED*) Will you not be seated? (*seats herself* R. C.)

FRED. You are very kind, but unless the interview is very fatiguing —

MRS. S. D. It will be very brief.

MRS. O. (*quietly*) For which we both thank you.

MRS. S. D. (*fanning slowly*) Not at all. Purely selfishness on my part, I assure you. But to begin. At Narragansett last summer, you took the liberty of laying violent hold of my daughter in the surf.

FRED. But, my dear madam, a heavy sea had broken over her, and I thought she was drowning. She had completely disappeared.

MRS. S. D. That did not excuse your conduct. In the presence of quite a number of people, you seized my daughter — (*pause*) in a shamelessly familiar manner — although I fail to remember that you had ever been presented to her. (*he starts to speak; she checks him*) As for saving her life — there was a bathing master hired for that purpose.

MRS. O. (*with lifted eyes and clasped hands*) Well — of all the ingrates!

MRS. S. D. You appreciate, Mr. Ossian? (*he bows*) I am very glad. (*he starts*) Now I have something else to say. (*pause*) You will not think me disagreeable? (*very sweetly*)

FRED. (*more sweetly*) How could I? — You were about to pleasantly remark that — er —

MRS. S. D. As my daughter and I are also visiting here, circumstances may compel us to meet you more or less frequently — that is — not exactly meet in the *social* sense, but —

FRED. — Be on the same earth together — infest the same hemisphere —

MRS. S. D. Precisely.

FRED. My mother and I will try to bear it with Christian resignation.

MRS. S. D. And our naturally strong constitutions will no doubt enable my daughter and myself to survive.

FRED. (*watch*) My dear madam — seven now — dinner will be announced in a moment and I am yet — (*gesture towards clothing*), although I have never

enjoyed myself so much in my life; as a special mark of your good will, will you come to the point?

MRS. S. D. The point? (*rises*) With pleasure. I have noticed the almost frantic efforts of a certain person — to force his acquaintance upon my daughter.

MRS. O. (*rising, indignantly*) And I have noticed the efforts of a certain per—

FRED. Mother — absurd! (*arm about her, soothing her*) Please! (*then suavely to MRS. S. D.*) You were saying — efforts of a — a person — to force acquaintance upon Miss Stuart-Dodge. Well?

MRS. S. D. Even were he not penniless, and probably saturated with debt,— that person would hardly be — (*MRS. O. starts to speak; again he checks her. MRS. S. D. smilingly notes this, and calmly continues*) But we will let that pass. It suffices to say that any attempt to make her acquaintance can only be regarded by both my daughter and myself, as impertinent and obnoxious. (*turns as to go*)

MRS. O. (*fast losing control*) Is that quite all?

MRS. S. D. (*turns*) Quite. I have made myself sufficiently clear, Mr. Ossian?

FRED. Delightfully transparent, madam?

MRS. O. (*with intensity*) And permit me to add —

FRED. (*smilingly*) No, mother,— no —

MRS. O. (*glaring at her*) Impertinent and obnoxious — an Ossian of Boston.

MRS. S. D. (*grandly*) Yes — impertinent and obnoxious, to a Stuart-Dodge of Philadelphia. (*going*)

FRED. Philadelphia! Where is Philadelphia? (*MRS. S. D. turns, indignant, glares, but controls herself with a strong effort, then turns, with her scowl changed to a smile. Opens the door R. 2 calls*)

MRS. S. D. Miriam! Miriam! (*FRED remonstrates with his mother*) Come just as you are —

you need not wait to fix your hair — (FRED *starts; looks R. 2.* MRS. O. *turns aside despairingly*)

MRS. O. If you only knew — if you only knew.

FRED. Knew what? — She is coming!

MRS. S. D. Come! — (*withdraws a little from the door. Re-enter R. 2 MIRIAM, in a silk peignoir, trimmed with lace, her hair is down; at sight of FRED, she shrinks back*) Miriam! — (*then, with half-veiled contempt, but smoothly*) there is no one here you need mind. (*she stops*) I merely wished you to be present when — (*re-enter BARR. L. U. E.*) Ah — here you are now. (*extending her hand to him, and with a cordial smile; MIRIAM startled; confused; FRED. C. regarding her; MRS. O. L. C.* MRS. S. D., R. C.) — you are most charmingly opportune. I was just about to announce —

MIRIAM. Mother! (MRS. S. D. *turns quickly and gives her a severe look*)

MRS. S. D. (*smoothly, smilingly*) — I was just about to announce to — to your acquaintances — my daughter's engagement to you. (FRED *starts; looks at MIRIAM, who with downcast eyes, is struggling to repress her mortification and indignation*) — I have quite settled to allow the wedding to take place Easter week. (*to BARR. graciously. Up C. a little*)

BARR. Thanks — that'll be jolly soon. (*aside to her; his back to FRED*) That settles him! (*she nods assent; delighted; FRED realizing the truth, staggers slightly. His mother takes his left hand in both hers; his lips move as echoing what MRS. S. D. said*)

MIRIAM. (*low voice*) And now, perhaps I may be allowed to express to Mr. Ossian —

MRS. S. D. (*whirls sharply*) Entirely unnecessary. I have thanked Mr. Ossian for his trivial service. Have I not?

FRED. (*with a slow bow*) More than sufficiently, madam. (MIRIAM *looks at him; her hands clasping*)

and unclasping; seems about to speak; then with a sudden impulse exits R. 2)

MRS. S. D. (*to BARR.*) Let us chat for a few minutes on the piazza. (*then as they go up*) Miriam, is so happy now that everything is settled, but — of course, you will understand that, etc., etc., etc.

(*FRED as unable to realize still staring at R. 2.* MRS. OSSIAN bows her head, pressing his hand.)

CURTAIN.

ACT II

SCENE.— *Another drawing-room in GREEN'S house; red mahogany, with panels of dark green leather. Room on right, in white, with Indian red panels, colonial; room L. light terra-cotta. A.; black drop, showing the harbor by moonlight, light-house in distance. B.; cut-drop. C.; large archway, leading to veranda. D.—D., railing of veranda. E.—E., doors leading to other rooms, R. and R. V. a stained glass window. K., a circular divan, Persian hanging lamp (ruby light) over it. M., a bit of the staircase. T., a table and lamp. P., a piano lamp, with the light about six feet from the floor; red shade (heliotrope or pale blue on lamp X.; yellow shade on lamp T. Q., a divan on a dais. S., a small sofa. Masthead light on STRONG'S yacht, Y., showing. Also the red light of light-house in distance. Moonlight on the veranda; but no moon showing. Divan under railing of stairway L. Tall slender vase on newel-post, with roses in it. Handsome tapestry hanging from railing. As curtain rises, sound of tuning up off R. Laughter off L. GREEN laughing heartily, enters L. C., napkin in hand.*

GREEN. (*looks back, and speaking off L., chuckling*) That's good! You had me there! I will be back in a minute. (*comes down chuckling*) Fred's smart. A man that can sass him, can get the best of a buzz-saw. Coddle! (*enter CODDLE R. U. E.*) Oh, there you are! (*watch*) Has them fiddlers —

CODDLE. (R. C.) Just come, sir. (*music off R., string and reed band, very soft*)

GREEN. They're late, eight-twenty. Barry told me they ought to have been here to play for dinner.

CODDLE. (*loftily*) It's quite swell, sir, to 'ave a bit of 'armony with each course, sir.

GREEN. (L. C. *Drily, evidently joking*) It is, eh? I thought we only had hominy with canvas-back duck.

CODDLE. (R. S. *Still more loftily*) I said 'armony, sir,—not 'ominy—like 'armony and peace.

GREEN. Hominy and peas?—don't like either of 'em.

CODDLE. (*still more haughtily*) 'Armony, sir,—not 'ominy, like that, sir, they are playing in the other room.

GREEN. (C.) Is that harmony? I thought that was fiddlin'. (CODDLE *straightens up*) Now don't get mad,—I was just practicin' a little reparty.

CODDLE. (R. C. *Haughtily*) Repar-tee, sir.

GREEN. Repar-tee, eh? (CODDLE *nods importantly*) Well, while I'm practicin' my repartee, suppose you serve them with some Moker coffee in there? (CODDLE *crosses up L. going*) Hold on a minute. (*aside*) I ought to send him down after Bilser,—Bilser's late. (*then to CODDLE*) You go down to the hotel and tell Mr.—(*aside*) No, it won't do to confide in a hired man. I will send Barry. (*then to CODDLE*) Tell Barry I want him. (*exit L. C. CODDLE, stiffly; GREEN watches him*) That feller ain't got no more fun in him than a bag of sawdust. Repar-tee,—repartee! Vaws!—? Durn me if I ain't like a young parrot learnin' how to talk. (*sits R. C. on sofa*) Ah me! (*then seriously*) Now, that Bilser has come, I had better tell Mrs. Ossian the whole scheme. I must bring Fred to his senses, and she must not interfere. Bless her heart, how she idolizes that boy. I wonder why Mrs. Stuart-Dodge is so high-strung and touchy with her. Every

time Miriam looks within nine points of the compass towards Fred, her mother — (*stop No. 6 music. Enter BARRY L. C., evening clothes, white waistcoat; large boutonniere of lilies of the valley. He is a little flushed with wine. Down L. C.*) Say, Barry, I want you to do me a favor, my boy.

BARR. What favor? (*languidly*)

GREEN. Well, it ain't lending money,—I want you to go down to the hotel and ask for Mr. Bilser. You know him?

BARR. I know only one Bilser,—Fred Ossian's tailor in New York. He made these clothes.

GREEN. Well, that's the one. (*rises*) You go over and tell him I want to see him. (*crosses to C.*)

BARR. Tell Mrs. Ossian to call up the hotel. I sent her to the telephone just now.

GREEN. (*furious*) Sent her to the telephone?

BARR. (*languidly crossing R. C.*) Ya-as,—I told her to find out why the musicians were late.

GREEN. (*C.*) What!—you told Mrs.—How dare you tell her to do anything? Why—you young — (*enter L. C. MRS. OSSIAN; dinner gown of black*) Mrs. Ossian, ma'am,—you must excuse this da—I—I—the idea of his telling you to telephone — (*BARR. sits R. C. gets out cigarette*)

MRS. O. (*L. C. pleasantly*) I tried to telephone, but the wires seem to be out of order.

GREEN. (*C.*) Yes, ma'am. There is only one thing that is never out of order with the telephone, and that is the bill. Them fiddlers has come. Barry, hurry over at once, and tell Mr. Bilser to come. I reckon he misunderstood me. Hurry, Barry. (*BARR. settles languidly back*)

BARR. (*R. C. Languidly getting out match-safe*) I don't choose to call on a beggardly tailor. That's a servant's place,—not mine.

GREEN. (*C. With surprise*) Why, Barry —

BARR. (*seated R. Drawling insolence*) And, my dear father,—may I distinctly request you to cure

yourself of that vulgar habit of shortening my name?

GREEN. (*fast losing his temper*) Shortening *your* name! — young man, you were christened plain Irish Barry — named after the grocer who gave us credit one winter when hawg cholera had cleaned us out. You can Barrington yourself all you want, but I'm da — excuse me, ma'am, but this Barrington and this Suzanne Elise business is too rich for my blood.

MRS. O. (*extreme L. Re-enter CODDLE, L. C. E.*)

CODDLE. (*down L. C.*) Will you 'ave coffee 'ere, sir?

BARR. Send Coddle,— or James,— or one of the hostlers.

GREEN. Coddle has the coffee to serve. What are the others doing? (*to CODDLE*)

CODDLE. Jimes and the 'ostler is at dinner, sir. Shall I tell either?

GREEN. Certainly not. I'll have nobody's dinner spoiled. I don't want coffee. Fetch Barry's hat. (*CODDLE going*) Mr. Barrington's hat,— and — (*exit CODDLE up L. C.— up steps*) Now, Barry, my boy, or *Barrington*, if you like — just to please your old dad — (*BARR. Sitting sullenly, twisting his moustache*) won't you? — Say, you'll twist them three hairs off. (*BARR. gives him an indignant look*)

MRS. O. (*goes L. C.*) I'll try the telephone again. Whom do you wish to call? (*up L. C.*)

GREEN. No, ma'am — Barry's a little stuck up, now that's he's engaged (*BARR. rises*),— but — but — that's right, my boy,— you'll go.

BARR. (*going L. C. crossing GREEN and MRS. O.*) No, I'll not — (*GREEN astonished*) and whatever I am — (*turning*) I'm not ignorant or vulgar. (*GREEN starts, a pause*)

MRS. O. (*c. A little up stage*) Oh, Barrington! —

BARR. (*L. C. Sullenly*) He had no business to say what he did.

MRS. O. But you — (GREEN checks her; she crosses up to c.)

GREEN. (R. c. *Gently; sadly*) No, he's right. I *am* ignorant, and I *am* vulgar — but — but *you* ain't orter been the one to reproach me with it, my boy. I haven't had the chances that you've had, Barry — I didn't have no hard-workin' hands to pick the thorns and flints out of *my* road, — but I *am* ignorant and I'm vulgar — you spoke truth, boy — and I hadn't orter done as I did — and — (*suddenly extending both hands to him*) — I'm sorry.

BARR. (*after looking at him contemptuously*) Very well. Don't do it again. (*saunters up L. c.*)

GREEN. (*quietly*) Barry! (BARR. stops, without turning around)

BARR. (*after a slight pause*) Well — ?

GREEN. (*same tone of gentle reproach*) I'm holding out my hand to you, boy.

BARR. (*near L. c.*) I see it. (*going*)

GREEN. (*just as he gets to door L.*) Barry! (*firm and commanding tone; BARR. stops*) Come here! (GREEN just R. of c. MRS. O. up c., back of ottoman)

BARR. (*sullenly, half defiant*) I — I am going back to the dining room.

GREEN. (*rising temper; well in hand*) You are not. (*then, crescendo*) You are going to accept the apology I made, and take my hand like one gentleman takes another's or by the great American eagle, I'm goin' to give you the darndest lickin' a boy ever got between here and Kalamazoo!

MRS. O. (*alarmed*) Mr. Green! Your guests will hear! — (*going to him. R. of ottoman*)

GREEN. (R. *Rolling up his sleeves*) Let 'em! They'll have lots to hear out of him in a minute. Now, sir —

MRS. O. (c. *Coming between them*) But — consider —

GREEN. (R. c.) Gimme room, ma'am. (*gently*)

putting her aside, to right. She goes up back ottoman; then to L. C.)—Now, sir—(*Extending his hand again*)—you see my hand?

BARR. (L. C. *Meekly*) Y-yes, father.

GREEN. (*quietly, but with firmness*) Take it. (BARR. *hesitates*)

MRS. O. (*re-assuringly, going to BARR. L. C.*) Please take it, Barrington. (*he crosses timidly and takes it*)

GREEN. (R. C.) That's right. Give it a good grip,—it won't bite. (*then still holding his hand*) Never refuse an honest hand held out to you, my boy,—and always accept an honest apology. That's manly. And even if your father is ignorant and is vulgar, people will notice it less, if you don't let 'em see that you're ashamed of him. Ain't that so? (*re-enter CODDLE with BARR's hat, cane and coat; stands L. C. gently*) Now, my son. (*X's to CODDLE. Takes hat and cane from CODDLE*) Here's your hat — (*puts hat on the back of BARR's head; BARR. adjusts it mechanically*) and cane — (*hands him cane and takes overcoat from CODDLE*) Here's your coat, — that's all, Coddle. (CODDLE *exits L. U.*)

BARR. (R. C. *Surlily*) I don't need a coat.

MRS. O. (*up C. and L.*)

GREEN. (C.) Better put it on, going out in the air. (*holds coat for him*) Now, then — (*helps him on with it*) Guess I'd make a pretty good valley, eh? Now — (*arm about him, and taking him R. C. speaking in low voice*) Tell Mr. Bilser to come over at once,—he'll understand,—then hurry back to your financy. Now we're friends again, eh?

BARR. (*sullenly*) I'll take your message to Bilser. (*exit R. U. E.*)

GREEN. Thank you, my boy. (GREEN *looks after him, shakes his head; sighs*)

MRS. O. (*down L. C.*) Poor boy! — I am sure he did not intend to be rude.

GREEN. (*comes down R. C.*) Then he's a power-

ful good actor. I suppose it's fash'nable for a boy to sass his dad, but I reckon I'll change the custom some in *my* neighborhood.

MRS. O. He'll settle down after marriage.

GREEN. Maybe,—but Lord help the poor girl that does the settlin'. I tell you —(*with rising temper*)— I don't want to do my own flesh and blood an injustice —(*pacing up and down*)— but I'm not blind, and when I see that sweet-faced girl, Miriam, and think what's in store for her, knowing him as I do — I —(*makes a gesture of despair; turning aside*)

MRS. O. Don't say that! — You don't think the boy is bad at heart — you don't think he'd be cruel to his wife?

GREEN. (*sudden determination*) Cruel to her! — No, he'll not be — he'll not be. I may have been foolish enough once to believe that love would change him — but now —(*dashes a tear from his eye*) But come, ma'am — I've got somethin' to tell you about your own son. (*she shows alarm*) Don't worry! — it's all right. Both our boys need a little bitter with their sweet — and we must do our duty by 'em.

MRS. O. (*handkerchief. L. C.*) Frederick is a good son, but he doesn't know.

GREEN. (*R. C. With gentle firmness*) But he must know — and you must not interfere. (*up C. Looks L. E. 3*) They are leaving the dining room. Come out on the front porch and I'll tell you what I've done and what I'm goin' to do. Don't worry, ma'am. I'm rough, but — but — will you trust me? (*holding out hands*)

MRS. O. (*L. C.*) Yes. I will trust you. (*turns aside, wipes her eyes.*)

GREEN. (*aside*) Thinkin' of the late lamented, again. (*sighs; waxes sentimental*) And she's more like my sainted —

MRS. O. (*turns*) I know that you do it for his good, but —(*up L. C.*)

GREEN. (*firmly*) No, ma'am — leave Frederick

to *me*. It may be a little hard medicine for him to take, but it'll do him good. Cheer up. Come. (*both look off L. c.*) Both your Fred and my Barry need a rowing up Bitter Creek, and please God they're going to get it. Come!

MRS. O. (*L. c. Up stage*) I do hate to hurt Frederick!

GREEN. (*R. c. up stage*) Yes, and I hate to lamm Barry, but Barry is goin' to be lammed. Come! (*MRS. O. takes his arm*)—There's more boys ruined by indulgent parents than is ruined by rum. Let's do our duty, ma'am—let's do it—unflinchin'. (*going out into the moonlight. Up c. to veranda*) Ain't that moon a picture?

MRS. O. (*withdrawing her arm*) Yes, and the magnolias—how they perfume the air—(*goes slowly and thoughtfully R. Exit. GREEN looks after her sentimentally*)

GREEN. (*sigh*) Thinkin' again of the late lamented. (*sigh; exit; going R. Enter L. U. E. rapidly MIRIAM in a pet, followed by MRS. S. D., both in handsome dinner gowns. MIRIAM wears a large corsage bouquet; comes down to L. c.*)

MRS. S. D. (*down c.*) I am amazed at you!—I saw you myself! Sometimes I wonder if you are really my daughter!

MIRIAM. (*L. c. stamp*) Such a cyclone in a teakettle!—just because I looked at Mr. Ossian. Oh, dear! (*turning aside*)

MRS. S. D. (*more temperately*) No. It was the way you looked at him. Wrong, my love. I am sure Barrington noticed it, and—(*MIRIAM turns; is about to speak; MRS. S. D. checks her*)—no—you must have regard for Barrington's feelings. You are engaged to him.

MIRIAM. (*up L. c. Pettishly*) You mean—you engaged me.

MRS. S. D. (*smoothly*) That is an immaterial point. He is the best catch of this season at whom

you have had a chance. (*going to divan C., sits R. C.*) His father is worth at least eight millions. I know that, for ever since you came out, I have subscribed for the commercial agency books, and I know the rating of every man whom I have allowed you to meet. This — Frederick Ossian — isn't even mentioned at all. But Mr. Green — at least eight millions, my dear, and when he dies —

MIRIAM. Mr. Green is very healthy. (*goes up L. C. obviously to get a glimpse of FREDERICK*)

MRS. S. D. The longer he lives, the more millions. Besides (*complacently*), perhaps I myself may — but that is a matter of the future. I admit that these Greens are raw — vulgar, even, but we can tell our friends that — that it is eccentricity. There are many eccentric persons in society, nowadays. (MIRIAM *looking off L. C. Clasps her hands and sighs*) Besides, we are Stuart-Dodges. We can afford to do what we please.

MIRIAM. (*bitterly*) Except marry whom we love. (*sits C.*)

MRS. S. D. Love! — what mediæval and mildewed nonsense! — a pastime indulged in now only by the lower classes. Do the crowned heads of Europe marry for love. You are a Stuart-Dodge.

MIRIAM. (*crosses L. C. Not paying attention*) Yes, mama. (*up L. C. aside*) Why doesn't he look this way!

MRS. S. D. You will have your house on Fifth Avenue, near the Park.

MIRIAM. (*up, looking off L.*) Fifth Avenue is so noisy.

MRS. S. D. Your cottage at Newport, —

MIRIAM. Newport is so stupid. (*stealing further up to get a look at FREDERICK*)

MRS. S. D. Barrington will get you a yacht, if you wish.

MIRIAM. (*down L. C. and up again*) A yacht! — he was deathly ill one day in a rowboat.

MRS. S. D. (*rising, and with enthusiasm, and working down R. a little*) And above all, my dear — you will have money. MONEY! — what more can the heart of a girl want? A town house — a cottage — a yacht — a — (*turns and sees her trying to get a peep at FREDERICK, then, indignantly*) MIRIAM! Am I to suppose that you are actually again exchanging clandestine glances with that — person? MIRIAM (*confused*) Really — (*with intense severity*) — I had intended remaining here at least a week, to allow you and Barrington to enjoy love's young dream together — but your persistent coquetry with this poor-house dandy, compels me to go. (*goes towards R. 2.*) We leave to-morrow morning. On the Limited.

MIRIAM. (*timidly*) For — for Philadelphia. (MRS. S. D. *turns sharply*)

MRS. S. D. For ANYWHERE, where he cannot follow. Though for *that* we need not go very far on any road charging three cents a mile. (*going; MIRIAM goes towards her impulsively; crosses to her*)

MIRIAM. (R. C.) But mama — do not be angry! I — (*then mischievously*) Mr. Ossian is very good looking if he is poor, and — when a good looking man saves a girl's life, — even if he is not —

MRS. S. D. (R. *Witheringly*) Certainly! — they must marry — settle down to one of those suites of connecting closets called a flat, and try to be happy on kisses and soup.

MIRIAM. Ah, don't be angry! — (*caressing her mother*)

MRS. S. D. On one condition — that while you are engaged to Barrington, you will not speak to this man, or allow him to speak to you. Do you promise? (MIRIAM, *who has turned aside on this proposition, draws herself up; a brief pause*) Well?

MIRIAM. (*half-shut eyes and meaningly*) Yes. (*pause*) While I am engaged to Barrington, I will not — speak — to Mr. Ossian.

MRS. S. D. (*proudly clasping her*. MIRIAM

wholly irresponsible) My own daughter! There! (*kissing her forehead*)—I am proud of you —(*surveying her*) You are beautiful to-night. And that gown!—Really, I must manage to send Madame Cretonne a couple of hundred on account. She fits you better than any one has ever done. (*going to door R.*)

MIRIAM. (*bitterly*) Judging by Madame Cretonne's telegram to you, she is not likely to make me any more gowns. (*then suddenly breaking from her control*)—Oh!—it is humiliating!—even the very dress I wear, owed for!—every time any one compliments me I could die with shame!

MRS. S. D. Madame Cretonne was a little insolent in threatening suit, but — (*smiling*)—she is in New York and we are in Florida. These tradespeople are all alike. The worse you treat them the more they will do for you. (*caressing her*) When you are married to Barrington, there will be no more bills.

(ENTER SUZANNE L. C. *running*. *She is also in dinner costume, but very simply made. Wears a large corsage of roses, with one sunflower among them; down L. C.*)

SUZANNE. Oh, Miriam, I —(*stops short, seeing MRS. S. D.*)—Oh! —(*backing*)—I — I didn't mean to interrupt.

MRS. S. D. Not at all. Miriam and I were merely discussing millinery and nonsense. I have an important letter to write to Madame Cretonne — (*then aside to MIRIAM*) Happiness is a flower that blooms best in the golden sunshine of money, dear. Remember!

MIRIAM. (*hands clasped*) I remember.
(Exit MRS. S. D. R. 2 E. MIRIAM *looks after her mother; lifts her head with determination. SUZANNE looks at her, then, demurely:*)

SUZANNE. (C. *Caressing the sunflower*) I know a thing or two if my name is Green.

MIRIAM. (R. C. *Wearily*) What do you mean, dear?

SUZANNE. (*slowly, studying the flower*) W-e-l-l, I know that if *I* were, *you*—and I were engaged to Barry . . . and were in love with Fred . . . (MIRIAM *starts*) . . . and my mother—that is, if I had a mother—wanted me to throw Fred over for Barry—(MIRIAM *breathless with interest*)—I know what *I'd* do.

MIRIAM. You would do—what?

SUZANNE. (*same business*) W-e-l-l, I'd . . . of course, I wouldn't let my mother know, because of course she'd *fuss*. . . . But I'd—I'd—

MIRIAM. (*eagerly*) You would—?

SUZANNE. (*gravely; same business with the flower*) I'd bust Barry's engagement higher'n Gilde-roy's kite. (MIRIAM *starts, then eagerly*).

MIRIAM. You mean it? (SUZANNE *nods; then MIRIAM, impulsively holding out her arms*) Suzanne!—(SUZANNE *runs to her, they clasp each other*)—you dear!

SUZANNE. You darling! (*hugging her*) Oh! (*disengaging herself, examining the corsage bouquet*)

MIRIAM. Did I crush them? (*scene rapid from this to MIRIAM's exit*)

SUZANNE. (*smoothing the sunflower*) M!—I don't mind the roses, but *he* said that sunflowers always reminded him of home, and so—but it isn't hurt. You aren't in love with Barry, are you? (*taking both her hands; MIRIAM averts her face*) You DEAR! (*puts arms about her, kissing her*)—I knew it, and I was dying to tell you what Fred said—

MIRIAM. Did he say anything?—you darling! (*kisses her*) What did he say? (*they sit R. C. holding hands*) And you don't mind my not loving your brother?

SUZANNE. Nah!—and he won't mind it either.

Barry don't know his own mind — why he was head over heels in love with a prima donna last spring.

MIRIAM. With a PRIMA DONNA!

SUZANNE. (*nods gravely*) And he used to go around all day whistling "Tararaboom-de-ay" (*gives a little kick*) till papa gave him a licking for it.

MIRIAM. He did?

SUZANNE. M' h-m! Break off with Barry! He'll have a new girl in a week. (MIRIAM *starts*) Aren't you in love with Fred?

MIRIAM. (*confused*) Why — I — I do not even know Mr. Ossian.

SUZANNE. That doesn't matter. I *hardly* know And — I mean Mr. Strong, and still —

MIRIAM. You are in love with him?

SUZANNE. (*nods*) Up to here. (*hands across neck*) And you are with Fred, aren't you? (MIRIAM *averts her face*) — Say, yes! You are? (MIRIAM *drops her head*; SUZANNE *with a glad cry, throws herself into MIRIAM'S arms, face down on her breast, arms about her; they rock to and fro*) Ooh! Isn't it jolly! — I knew you were. And now you won't let him go away, will you?

MIRIAM. Go away? (*holding her off, and with alarm*)

SUZANNE. (*nods*) He said he was going away to-night — on the yacht — going to Andrew — Mr. Strong's plantation in Cuba, where they have yellow fever.

MIRIAM. (*horror-stricken*) Yellow-fever! He is going there!

SUZANNE. (*slowly shaking her head*) Nah! He is bluffing! He knows that you are in love with him. (MIRIAM *starts*; SUZANNE *nods*) He said so.

MIRIAM. (*bridling*) He did? (SUZANNE *nods*)

SUZANNE. Well, he said it would break his heart if you knew that he was going away —

MIRIAM. (*with indignation*) Indeed!

SUZANNE. (*nods*) He said that he was going to speak to you the first time he found you alone.

MIRIAM. (*with spirit*) Will he — we shall see. (*rises. X. R. C.*) I'll teach him a lesson. I love him, do I! My heart is breaking, is it! — and he will speak to me! — we shall see. Men are all alike. Never let a man know that you care a straw for him. (*goes up C.*)

SUZANNE. (*dolefully*) I'm afraid that Mr. Strong knows that I care a whole haystack for him.

MIRIAM. (*down L.*) He'll speak to me, will he? The first time he finds me alone. I'll give him a chance. We shall see. (*STRONG laughs off L.*) Sh! — Go see what they are doing. (*SUZANNE runs up L. C., peeps through the portiere*)

SUZANNE. They are coming in! Let's hide and —

(*Re-enter MRS. S. D. R. 2. MIRIAM does not see her, but SUZANNE does, and changes at once to extreme innocence*)

MIRIAM. No, let us — (*SUZANNE makes a gesture of warning*)

SUZANNE. (*down L. C. Very demurely*) Why, there's your mama now. Mayn't we go out on the veranda, Mrs. Stuart-Dodge? It isn't a bit damp.

MRS. S. D. (*C.*) Certainly. And I will go with you. (*despair of both*) If it *were* damp, my neuralgia —

MIRIAM. (*L. Quickly*) But it is damp.

SUZANNE. Awful.

MRS. S. D. (*to MIRIAM*) Then you cannot go.

MIRIAM. Oh, but it isn't as damp as that, is it, Suzanne?

SUZANNE. I'll see. (*runs up R. C. out on veranda, fans herself with her hands*) Oh, no! It isn't a bit too damp for us — but if I had *neuralgia* — I'd be afraid.

MRS. S. D. (*smiling*) Very well. I see you

want to be alone together. But you must have a wrap —

MIRIAM. A wrap! — I'd roast!

MRS. S. D. (R. C.) This is light. (*takes the lace scarf from her shoulders, puts it on MIRIAM.* L. C. SUZANNE *delighted*) Don't stay out long. (*then slightly raising her voice, to SUZANNE*) Where is Barrington?

SUZANNE. Gone to the hotel. He'll be back soon. (*up to veranda*)

MRS. S. D. (R. C. *To MIRIAM; lower voice*) That will give you a chance to get better acquainted with Mr. Strong. E-normously rich, my dear — and if anything should come between you and Barrington — (*then to SUZANNE, who comes down* C. R.) Mr. Strong is not engaged to or interested in any one, is he? (*SUZANNE gasps with amazement*)

SUZANNE. How — how should I know — (*MIRIAM restrains her*)

MRS. S. D. (*meaningly, to MIRIAM*) You understand, dear. I will leave you together. (*exit* R. 2)

SUZANNE. What did she mean by — (*go* L. C. *to MIRIAM.* STRONG *laughs off* L. C. *Both start*)

MIRIAM. They're coming! (*dreamy waltz music off* R.)

FRED. (*Off* L. C.) It is no laughing matter to me.

SUZANNE. (*whisper*) Quick. (*they run to staircase* L.) We can sneak out to the veranda by the other stairs. (*they go up; STRONG* R. *and FREDERICK* L. *enter up* L. *both in evening clothes with boutonnières*)

MIRIAM. Hide close! (*SUZANNE up* C. *shrinks behind the large vase, clinging to MIRIAM; MIRIAM down stage*)

STRONG. Quite extraordinary. I don't quite understand American society.

FRED. (*with nervous rapidity*) Don't try to.

There is only one man who ever did understand it, and he's dead. (*they come down L. C.*) Keep out of society. You would never succeed in it. You are too clever. You alarm persons with ideas. Never bring ideas into society. Ideas make persons think. You have filled your noddle up with — with art, and — and that sort of rubbish, don't you know, and literature — which is all very well in its way, but tommy-rot to society persons, don't you see, — and then, you are a bee — I am a butterfly. You work — I flit. I succeed in society. You never would.

STRONG. (C.) But — if you never discuss art, and —

FRED. (L. C.) No, no — wouldn't do.

STRONG. But how do you converse?

FRED. I never converse in society. I twitter. (*sits on divan L. under railing of stairs*) I shall never twitter again. (*dejectedly*)

STRONG. (*approaching him*) Cheer up a bit, old chap. I didn't think you were so hard hit. (*sits beside him*)

FRED. (*mechanically getting out a cigarette-case, offers to STRONG*) Hard hit! — who wouldn't be! — Did you ever see such eyes! — such a throat! — such hair! so heavenly a smile! — (*business for MIRIAM and SUZANNE, overhearing this*) Ah! — and you've never been in love, Strong! (*SUZANNE leans over the railing*)

STRONG. (*also attitude of dejection*) Then I don't know what ails me. (*business for MIRIAM and SUZANNE*)

FRED. There is only one girl in the whole world — there has only been ONE since the dawn of creation!

STRONG. Quite so. (*both MIRIAM and SUZANNE delighted*)

FRED. What a mysterious power love is.

STRONG. Isn't it!

(*MIRIAM makes signs to SUZANNE to pelt them with*

rose leaves, they break up the roses on their corsages.)

FRED. If I were *blind*, I would know if *she* entered the room. I could FEEL her presence.

(MIRIAM and SUZANNE let a few rose leaves fall; SUZANNE sprinkling STRONG, MIRIAM FREDERICK; then they dodge back out of view.)

(*Stop No. 8 music.*)

STRONG. (*ferrently*) So could I. (*brushes a rose-leaf off his head; looks up; then, sotto-voice*) Most extraordinary! (*then sees the roses in vase over his head, and is evidently satisfied that the petals fell from them; FRED too deeply in thought to notice*)

FRED. Of course I know that I do not deserve her. (MIRIAM cautiously peeps out, and she and SUZANNE begin to sprinkle rose leaves again) She is above me — (MIRIAM starts) in a way — (*she sees his meaning*) — just as your sweetheart is above you. (*business for SUZANNE*)

STRONG. Quite so!

FREDERICK. If she only knew how I love her! (MIRIAM and SUZANNE sprinkling petals again) — but she never will . . . never! (STRONG brushes a petal from his head; both girls dodge back; he looks up)

STRONG. Remarkable how those roses moult! (MIRIAM and SUZANNE stealthily peep out again, and are about to sprinkle more leaves, when STRONG looks up suddenly and catches them.)

STRONG. I saw you! (*both make him a gesture of silence*) — Quite so! (MIRIAM leans over to whisper; he rises) Eh?

FRED. (*gloomily; same position*) I said that she must know I love her.

STRONG. Certainly, she does, old chap. (MIRIAM scatters all the rose leaves in her hand upon FREDERICK's head.)

FRED. (*more gloomily; brushes a petal from his*

head) I shall go to Cuba with you to-morrow. (*Brushes another petal from his head; MIRIAM gestures STRONG that FRED must not go*)

STRONG. No, old chap. You've never had yellow fever. I have.

MIRIAM. (*aside to SUZANNE*) How can we get out on the veranda without being seen?

SUZANNE. (*whisper*) By the other staircase. I'll show you.

(MIRIAM makes a gesture of silence to STRONG, who nods assent; exuent MIRIAM and SUZANNE up stairs.)

FRED. Yellow fever is — pooh! (*knocks another leaf from his head*) I would rather — (MIRIAM and SUZANNE break into uncontrollable laughter off L.) Her voice! (*rises — laugh — listens, the laughter dying away in the distance. He knocks more petals from his head*) She is laughing — laughing — while I! Where the devil did all those rose leaves come from? (*then excitedly*) Did you throw them on me? (*following scene very rapid*)

STRONG. I? — No, dear boy! — I fancy that vahs —

FRED. I was not under it — and they're not the same kind of roses. *They* were here! (*goes quickly out to c., to look up the stairs; looks up stairs*) You saw them —

STRONG. (*goes L. c. Confused, trying to evade*) Really, old chap —

FRED. (L. of STRONG) Look me in the eye!

STRONG. I — I —

FRED. (*rapturously*) I knew it! — she was here! — she heard me! — she knows I love her — she has filled my whole life with blossoms! (*gathers up petals from the divan, presses them to his lips*) — she is mine! — mine!

STRONG. But her mother —

FRED. (*frantically*) BLOW her mother! — (*then rapidly; lower tone*) Strong, you must help me. I

know that Miriam is as wild as I for an interview. She will return. When she does, you choke her mother — will you?

STRONG. (*sits on divan*) Choke her mother —

FRED. (L.) Yes — choke her — that means, keep her away while I have a word with Miriam,— with Miriam! Oh, how the whole world of thorns has blossomed into tenderness. I'd like to see anything make me unhappy now. (*glances up stage. MIRIAM and SUZANNE languidly saunter by, on the veranda from L. to R. without looking down stage. FREDERICK dodges back behind angle, of the staircase*) Sh!

STRONG. What is it, old chap? (*attempt to rise; FRED forces him back; lays finger on lips*)

MIRIAM. (*panting; aside to SUZANNE*) Is he looking?

SUZANNE. (*aside; panting*) Yes, shall we go in?

MIRIAM. (*aside*) Not for a minute. Oh, how my heart beats! (*exeunt slowly, going R.*)

FRED. (*amazed*) They didn't drop those rose leaves.

STRONG. Yes, they did!

FRED. (*air of conviction*) No! There they are! Sh! (*forces STRONG down again as he attempts to rise. SUZANNE and MIRIAM re-appear again apparently studying landscape and harbor*)

MIRIAM. (*quick whisper; aside*) Is he still there?

SUZANNE. (*takes a quick look*) Mh-m! (*excitedly*) Yes.

MIRIAM. (*leaning over balcony as if unconscious of FRED's presence*) How exquisite the sky! the water! that lighthouse! like a dream!

FRED. (*nudging STRONG*) Like a dream!

MIRIAM. And Mr. Strong's yacht —

SUZANNE. (*rapturously*) It doesn't seem like a yacht, does it? — it seems like Heaven!

FRED. (*aside*). Strong, your yacht seems like Heaven!

MIRIAM. (*obviously for STRONG*) How would you like to float away in a yacht like that and sail . . . and sail . . . and sail . . .

FRED. (*sotto voce*) And sail. (*falling inflection*)

SUZANNE. And be all alone —

MIRIAM. All alone?

SUZANNE. (*long-drawn sentimental sigh*) Alone with the man you love. (FRED eager for MIRIAM'S reply)

STRONG. (*sentimentally*) The man she loves!

MIRIAM. (*languid indifference*) I wouldn't like it. (*then quickly aside*) Is he there yet?

SUZANNE. (*glances quickly*) Mh-m! — But you *do* love him?

FRED. (*aside, dismally*) She wouldn't like it.

MIRIAM. (*aside*) I love him — madly. (*then, aloud, and obviously for FRED'S benefit*) No, a man is always so conceited, my dear. (*coming down, sits on sofa R. SUZANNE stands behind her*)

FRED. (*sotto voce, with a gulp*) Conceited!

MIRIAM. (*as before*) He thinks if you look at him, you are in love with him. (FRED groans)

SUZANNE. Mh-m!

MIRIAM. (*with vicious emphasis*) And that it will break your heart if he goes away! How *absurd*! (FREDERICK groans)—and sometimes he is impudent enough to think he could speak to you if he found you alone! (FREDERICK collapses) Even if I *loved* him, I would HATE him! —

FRED. (*dismally*) Did you hear that? (MIRIAM and SUZANNE go up to the veranda again) Now, I'll wrench her heart! (*takes STRONG'S arm, strolling c. the girls look*) Yes! (*dismal sigh*) I will go tomorrow morning early. (*sits on divan D. C. STRONG L. of him*)

STRONG. Go where? — I — (FRED gives him a vicious prod; jerks his thumb towards the girls) — O, I see!

FRED. (*aloud and more dismally*) I know there is yellow fever there, but — is it very fatal? (*winks at STRONG; MIRIAM and SUZANNE listening intently*)

STRONG. Not when you're used to it — (FRED *gives him another prod*) I — unless you recover, it — it is quite fatal.

FRED. (*as before*) I know that I will get it. I am addicted to fevers. Perhaps it will be fatal, but — (*despairing gesture; sinks back, then aside to STRONG*) Is she wilting?

MIRIAM. (*aside to SUZANNE; nose in air*) As if I didn't see through him! (SUZANNE *nods; trying to repress laughter. As STRONG turns to look, both girls turn quickly to study the heavens and harbor*)

STRONG. No, dear boy. She doesn't wilt.

MIRIAM. (*smoothly*) Mama was afraid to come here. *She* is afraid of yellow fever. (*with scorn; FRED listening intently; clutches at STRONG*)

SUZANNE. And aren't you? (MIRIAM *gestures to her to go in; they stroll in together*)

MIRIAM. *I?* Of yellow fever? *I?* (*airy scorn*) Aunt Winslow had it, and she says it is really nothing at all, unless you happen to die — of course then it is unbecoming, because it makes you look like a spoiled lemon. (SUZANNE *nods gravely*)

FRED. (*aside; wilted*) Spoiled lemon!

MIRIAM. (R. C. *Affected surprise*) Why there is Mr. Strong!

SUZANNE. (R. *also affected surprise*) So it is — and Frederick! (*going to him*)

STRONG. (L. C.) Quite so. (FRED *makes him a quick gesture, implying that he wishes to be presented to MIRIAM*)

STRONG. (*to FRED*) Certainly — Miss Stuart-Dodge, — (*X's to her. Elaborate preparations on the part of FRED for the introduction*) — may I have the honor of — (MIRIAM *makes a quick gesture to SU-*

ZANNE, *implying that she does not wish to be introduced*)—my friend, Mr.—

MIRIAM. (*suddenly*) Oh!—I left my fan on the veranda!—Won't you come, Mr. Strong, and help me find it? (*goes a little way up R. C.*)

STRONG. Certainly—I—(*going to her*), but—quite extraordinary, don't you know—but you have your fan!

(SUZANNE *goes to FRED. L. of him.*)

MIRIAM. Why so I have—how funny!—
(SUZANNE L. C. *hands behind her, regards FREDERICK gravely.*)

STRONG. Quite so, but allow me—
(FRED *again braces up*: MIRIAM *hurriedly interrupts* STRONG.)

MIRIAM. I—it was only an excuse to have a little chat with you (*coquettishly*), and you caught me! (*slipping her L. arm through his with a light laugh and leading him up stage*)

STRONG. I—I—upon my honor, don't you know—

MIRIAM. (*shaking her fan at him as they go up*) I believe you are—a flirt!

STRONG. No—upon honor,—I assure you!
(*They go up to the arch and stand in the moonlight; MIRIAM very flirtatious, but watching FRED.*)

SUZANNE. (*slowly shakes her head*) Poor Fred!—Do you feel as bad as you look?

FRED. Worse. (*jerks his thumb towards MIRIAM; tries to speak; gulps, then thumps his heart twice*)
. . . broken!

SUZANNE. (*gravely, and without much sympathy*) W-e-l-l, her mother asked her to promise that she wouldn't let any one present you.

FRED. And . . . (*again indicating MIRIAM. Gulp.* SUZANNE *nods, then suavely*)

SUZANNE. She promised. (*he sinks back on the divan. She fans him*)

MIRIAM. (*R. C. smoothly*) Why must you leave us to-morrow? (*coming to L. of the divan*)

STRONG. (*R.*) It is most unpleasant, but my agent in Cuba, in charge of all my affairs there — was inconsiderate enough to get yellow fever — and now he's dead and all that sort of thing, don't you see?

MIRIAM. (*leading him L. C. above the divan*) But why not send some one in your place, — some one who doesn't mind risking his life for a trifle? (*pointedly; comes down R. of the divan and sits. FRED is on the left side of it facing L.; SUZANNE standing near him*) You certainly must not risk yours. Besides — (*beckons him to bend down; she whispers him*)

FRED. (*sotto voce*) A — a trifle! — You heard her! (*to SUZANNE*)

SUZANNE. (*aside to FRED, in a tone of smooth indifference*) W-e-l-l, I did my best. (*fixing the flower on her corsage*) I told her that you said you knew she loved you. . . . (*FRED horrified*) and that you said if you went away, it would break her heart. . . . I did all I could, didn't I.

FRED. (*miserably*) You certainly did.

SUZANNE. (*And then I —*

FRED. Never mind the rest! (*attitude of profound dejection*)

SUZANNE. (*with difficulty repressing a laugh*) What else can I do?

FRED. (*broken-hearted*) Nothing, thank you — unless — if you happen to see the coroner — tell him I am ready. (*Head in hand; elbow on knee. SUZANNE quaking with silent laughter*)

STRONG. (*to MIRIAM*) Eh? — then you're only chaffing — (*she checks him; goes up C., motions to SUZANNE to take STRONG away; SUZANNE nods assent, beckons to STRONG*) Oh, yes! — I see! — Ha, ha! (*she checks him; SUZANNE beckons him; both tiptoe up to R. C.; then MIRIAM makes a sign for*

SUZANNE *to look off R. 2, SUZANNE goes to door R., cautiously, peeps off*) . . . Most extraordinary, these Americans! —

FRED. (*aside; despairingly*) Did it to oblige me!

MIRIAM. Suzanne!

SUZANNE. (*to MIRIAM; indicating R.*) Your mother; she's there; reading letters. Sh! — (*goes up R. C. MIRIAM sits on R. side of the divan; sinks back, her right hand with handkerchief, and the corner of the lace scarf extended to midway between herself and FREDERICK. During the following she withdraws her hand, leaving the handkerchief and scarf. SUZANNE takes one end of the screen up R. C. and beckons to STRONG to take the other; finger on lips to enjoin silence. STRONG takes the other end of the screen, on tiptoe they carry it down to a point midway between the door R. and FREDERICK; adjust it; then speaking off R.; extreme innocence*) Yes, Mrs. Stuart-Dodge, to keep out the draft. (*pause*) No, Miriam is not in a draft — she is in the warmest corner of the whole room. (*sneaks up R. C.; and then nods to MIRIAM, implying that it is all right*) Poor Fred! (*then smothers a laugh with her handkerchief*)

STRONG. (*aside, to SUZANNE*) Really — if I were in his place — I'd be most unhappy too, don't you know?

SUZANNE. (*lowered eyes, and mischievously*) Would you? (*to MIRIAM, comes down L. of M.*) I'll take him away for five minutes.

MIRIAM. Say fifteen. (*crosses to SUZANNE.*) Would you like to see how your yacht looks in the moonlight?

STRONG. (*eagerly*) Eh?

SUZANNE. Would you . . . (*marches up to him, chin in air, hands behind her; marches out into the moonlight, turns, gives him a languishing look, smiles and still smiling and looking at him exit R. C. going R.*)

STRONG. (*looks after her*) Upon my word, I — I wonder what she meant by that. I — (*nerv[ing] himself up*) I'll ask her.

(*Exit, going R. A moment's pause.* MIRIAM *glances out of the corner of her eyes towards FRED, who is in the same attitude of despair, evidently unconscious that she is in the room.*)

MIRIAM. (*enjoying the situation, but half frightened*) Well,—he is alone with me! — I — I wonder if he'll dare speak to me. I — I'm afraid he will, and — (*pause*) I'm afraid he won't.

FRED. (*deep gloom*) No use. . . . I'll go to Cuba. . . . Yes. What odds! After that interview with her mother to-day, yellow fever will seem as mild as buttermilk. . . . Yes, I'll go. (*While he speaks the above, MIRIAM cranes her neck around to get a peep at this face. As he speaks the last words, he turns towards her. She instantly recovers her former position. His eye lights on the handkerchief. He starts. His eye slowly follows the scarf till he sees that she is there, when he also quickly turns his face away*) Great heav —! She is here!

MIRIAM. (*aside*) I — I wish that Suzanne would — (*gulp*) — would come back. (*looks uneasily up R. C. turning to her left*)

FRED. (*resolutely*) I'll speak to her. (*draws himself up*) I — (*pause; mops his face*) I — (*weakens*) — no — (*looks again at the handkerchief*) — no. SHE also would think it "impertinent and obnoxious." That handkerchief. She would not miss it, and — it has touched her hand — her lips. (*reaches slowly for it*)

MIRIAM. (*very nervous*) This is dreadful! I — what can I do — I — I'll go. Where's my handker — (*feels for handkerchief; reaching slowly out for it without looking*)

FRED. (*looks up R. C. and feeling for the handkerchief with his left hand*) Nobody looking!

(*their fingers touch; MIRIAM jerks her hand away with a gasp; she sits upright. He starts also at the touch*)

MIRIAM. How perfectly bold! (*half frightened, half indignant*) If he had spoken to me — and asked for it — but, now, he shan't have it. (*looks, sees his fingers cautiously feeling for it; she deftly picks up the handkerchief*)

FRED. No — that wasn't her hand! (*feeling again for the handkerchief without looking, gets hold of the trailing end of the scarf. He lifts it, feels that it is lace; his face lights up. Re-enter MRS. STUART-DODGE, R., letters in her hand; goes up R. C.; looks down stage, sees them; stops horror-stricken. FRED aside*) Her handkerchief! (*stealthily draws it towards him, not looking, MIRIAM sees what he is doing; slowly rises, the scarf slipping from her shoulders*) In my cruel exile, I'll wear it out with kisses. (*begins stuffing it in his pocket, his face showing increased surprise when each thrust of his hand fails to get it all in. SUZANNE and STRONG saunter in on veranda, going up toward L. they pause, looking off towards the harbor*)

MIRIAM. (*breathless with amazement*) Well . . . in . . . in . . . my . . . life!

MRS. S. D. (*volcanic burst*) MIRIAM! (*All start; FRED rises; MIRIAM utters a cry and stands abashed. STRONG and SUZANNE turn, come just under the arch R. C. MRS. S. D. crosses to R. C., with a freezing smile*) That bit of point lace not only has intrinsic value, but it is an heirloom. (*FRED starts*) May I — trouble you?

FRED. (*C. recovering his self-possession*) You may. (*draws it slowly from his pocket; folds it once; puts it over his left arm; approaches her*) Madam, I trust you will find it uninjured. (*draws it off with his right hand, offers it to her with a bow; she takes it*)

MRS. S. D. (R. C. *with majestic dignity*) I am glad to find it at all.

FRED. Madam, I —

MRS. S. D. (*checks him; with venomous smoothness*) Explanation is entirely unnecessary — the circumstance speaks for itself. (*going towards door R.*)

MIRIAM. (R. C. *suddenly*) Mother — (*then to all*) I — it was all my fault — I — (MRS. S. D. *checks her*)

(*Re-enter BARRINGTON R. U. E. with hat and overcoat on. He is evidently excited, and somewhat under the influence of liquor.*)

BARR. (*as he enters, quickly, to SUZANNE, R. C. above*) Where is Miriam? (*then seeing FRED*) Ah! There you are! (*tone of mingled anger and contempt*)

FRED. Yes, what do you wish?

BARR. I don't wish anything; somebody else does. Your tailor! He is coming. (*pointing R., up R. C.; ALL start*)

MRS. S. D. (R.) Tailor! (FRED *straightens up*)

BARR. He is coming into our house to collect —

FRED. (*takes a step towards him as if about to strike; then controls himself*) You have been drinking.

BARR. (C. *with a sneer, and loudly*) If I have, I paid for it.

FRED. (C. L.) You —

MIRIAM. (*eyes blazing with indignation*) Barrington! (*starts towards him. X. C. FRED gives way to L.*)

MRS. S. D. Daughter! —

MIRIAM (C. *Low voice to BARR.*) How . . .
DARE . . . you?

MRS. S. D. (*quietly; but with imposing severity*) Daughter . . . please leave the room. (SUZANNE comes down, L. of FRED takes FRED'S hand)

SUZANNE. I am ashamed of my brother.

BARR. (*R. C. sullenly glancing from FRED to MIRIAM*) I — If he hadn't tried to steal you from me — (*MRS. S. D. checks him*)

MRS. S. D. Daughter! (*indicating R.*) Please —

MIRIAM. (*head erect; eyes flashing, but with calmness, looking at BARR.*) Not until I have answered him. (*to BARR.*) Mr. Ossian could not steal me from you, for I never gave you the right to call me yours.

MRS. S. D. (*starts; beseechingly*) Daughter —

MIRIAM. (*slowly drawing from her finger the engagement ring*) No! . . . Even to please you — I was unwomanly to wear this for a moment. (*tosses the ring at BARRINGTON'S feet. Looks at him with head erect and eyes flashing; then at FRED who is standing L. C. with face partly averted, evidently struggling to restrain his anger. She seems about to speak; when after a slight pause*)

MRS. S. D. (*gently*) Daughter, you are acting in anger, and —

MIRIAM. (*lifts her head proudly and looks at her mother*) Anger! You are mistaken. I — (*suddenly breaks down; turns; buries her face in her hands, and with a stifled sob hurries from the room R. U. E.*)

BARR. (*stoops and picks up the ring; then in a loud insulting tone to FRED*) This is all your doing, and — (*MRS. S. D. restrains him*)

FRED. (*his anger getting the best of him*) You — (*makes motion towards BARR.; is restrained by SUZANNE*)

SUZANNE. Please, Frederick. (*then to BARR.*) Wait till papa knows, Barry!

MRS. S. D. (*in a low voice to BARR.*) Come and explain to Miriam. She doesn't mean half what she says. (*leading him R.*)

BARR. (*loud tone, looking towards FRED*) Yes, but I mean — (*is checked by MRS. S. D.*)

MRS. S. D. (*quietly; smiling, with a glance at FRED*) Come — we will find Miriam.

BARR. You told me to be disagreeable. (MRS. S. D. and BARR. *exeunt* R. U. 2 E.)

SUZANNE. (*breathless with indignation*) The hateful old thing! And if papa doesn't fan Barry! — M! — Never mind them, Fred! — If you owed all the tailors in the world, I love you! (*arms about him*)

FRED. (*pets her hand*) Yes, yes — I know — I know —

(*Re-enter on the veranda, GREEN and MRS. OSSIAN. He makes a gesture enjoining silence, and evidently asking her to go. She goes with evident reluctance, clasping her hands as in distress. He looks after her a moment, then comes down*)

STRONG. (*during the foregoing business, aside*) Poor chap! — I must help him — even if I promised Green I wouldn't — (*comes down to him*) I say, dear fellow — (R.)

GREEN. (*cheerfully, coming down R.*) Through smoking, eh? — Good. Now Frederick we can have that chat you promised me?

SUZANNE. (R. of FRED, *X'ing to GREEN*) Before you chat, papa, I'm going to tell you that Barrington —

GREEN. No Chickie. If it's anything that's goin' to make Barry more unpopular with me than he is now, put it off a little for his sake. You and Strong amble out and take in the magnolias and the moon. Come, Strong.

STRONG. (C. *aside to FRED*) Cheer up, old chap. All's well that ends, you know — and — faint heart and all that sort of thing — and — every cloud has a lining, don't you see, and that sort of rubbish — cheer up.

FRED. (L. C. *Pulls himself together*) Yes. (STRONG *slaps him on shoulders then go to R. U.*)

SUZANNE. (*to GREEN*) But I hate to be *fired!*

GREEN. And I hate to fire you. But I've got business. (*then to STRONG as he comes up, indicating FRED*) You know.

(*As STRONG answers "Quite so"—drop down a bit.*)

STRONG. Quite so. (*then to SUZANNE*) May I hear the tree-toad sing?

SUZANNE. (*dolefully*) I don't know. If he feels as *I* do now, he won't sing much.

(*Exeunt SUZANNE and STRONG R. C. going R. A moment's pause; GREEN half way up R. C. watching FRED, who is down C., and standing in gloomy thought.*)

GREEN. (*aside*) He's kind of flabbergasted—reckon he has heard from Bilser. (*aloud*) Well, my boy, your mother told me a few minutes ago, you wanted to have a bit of a chat with me. What has Barry been saying?

FRED. Nothing—I—he made a hasty remark, and—but let that go. A sudden emergency has arisen.

GREEN. (R. C.) Some money troubles, eh?

FRED. (L. C.) Yes. The fact is, Abram Hutchins has not made any collections of late from our tenants, and—and—(*then with sudden determination*) Frankly, I want to raise some money by mortgage, and as mother has placed all her affairs in your hands, I—(*GREEN seats himself R. C.*)—I necessarily come to you.

GREEN. (*assuming a stolid business air*) You have some debts?

FRED. (*starts, then composes himself*) Yes.

GREEN. One of them—Bilser the tailor—has followed you here.

(*FRED starts again, and with a less successful effort at control.*)

FRED. Yes.

GREEN. (*same air*) Three of your other creditors have assigned their claims to Bilser, and—

FRED. (*losing his temper*) What does this

mean? I have never been dunned in my life until now. Don't these men know —

GREEN. (*checks him*) My boy — the business world is run on business principles. When men know that their money is sure, they are never uneasy. (*calmly and without looking at FRED*) Perhaps they have heard that you have run through your money. (*FRED looks at him amazedly*)

FRED. Run through my money — (*then, as seeing*) Well, yes. I suppose that as fast as my money came in I have run through it. But — we have property.

GREEN. (*in a quiet, business-like manner*) You have been frank with me. I will be frank with you. Your mother has some little property, and — you had some, but it is gone.

FRED. Gone! (*amazement*) GONE!

GREEN. (*as before*) Gone. (*nurses his left knee and rocks slowly*)

FRED. (*breathless with surprise and horror*) Impossible! . . . The house on Eleventh Street?

GREEN. Mortgaged.

FRED. (*increased amazement*) Mortgaged? (*GREEN nods gravely*) The tenement on Avenue A?

GREEN. (*same manner*) Two mortgages on that. Notice of foreclosure came this morning. Two lots in Harlem mortgaged up to their full value, and so is the farm in Westchester County.

FRED. (*looks at him, unable to realize*) Mortgage — foreclosure — Why?

GREEN. To keep you goin'. (*FRED recoils to divan, buries his face in his hands. GREEN approaches him, then in kindly tone, laying his hand on his shoulder*) To keep you goin'. My boy — you've been foolish. You've danced all summer like the grasshopper, and now the winter has come.

FRED. Yes! — winter has come! Everything gone — and now — (*smites his hands sharply; attitude of despair*).

GREEN. I know it's hard.

FRED. I deserve it — It isn't for myself I care!
But —

GREEN. Don't worry about *her*. I've divided the estate, as it should have been divided long ago, and she has somethin' left that ain't eat up by loans. Not much, but — somethin'. Your mother let you go on and on, and never had the heart to say no when you wanted money — I suppose that she was always hopin' that you would come to your senses and go to work. But you didn't. Then *I* took you in hand — and I've brought you to book.

FRED. To book — yes.

GREEN. (*sits off C. R. of FRED*) To book. *I* sent for Bilser to come down here — and I got your other creditors to crowd you. I knew it would shame you — I knew it was bitter medicine — but I wanted you to know that idleness is a mean partner, and that credit is a blessing you mustn't fool with.

FRED. (*same attitude and despairingly*) And so . . . I have — nothing.

GREEN. (*takes check from his pocket*) Oh yes, you have. I sold the Westchester farm, and after payin' the mortgages and interest, there's some little left over — here's the check for it. (*gives it to him*)

FRED. (*without looking*) Thank you. (*takes it mechanically*)

GREEN. (*aside*) And now I reckon I'll let him suffer a bit — I'll let him realize. (*exit R. U. E.*)

FRED. (*wearily passes his hand over his forehead; then slowly trying to realize*) Gone! . . . Everything. Of all I had — nothing left me, but — (*reads check*) "Mechanics and 'Traders' Bank; pay to the order of Frederick Ossian forty-two hundred and seventy-one dollars. Hiram Green, Trustee." (*slowly*) Forty-two hundred — (*his face brightens*) That's more than enough to pay them all, and I can start square with the world. Yes! (*with sudden determination; rises*) If other men can carve their

way from nothing, so can I, and I will. (*Re-enter CODDLE R. C. with salver. Going toward R. 2*) I — Well?

CODDLE. I beg pardon, sir, but Mrs. Stuart-Dodge — Mr. Bilser has called.

FRED. Bilser? He has come to see me.

CODDLE. He said Mrs. Stuart-Dodge, sir.

FRED. (*taking the card; reads*) “Nathaniel Bilser.” Show him in.

CODDLE. Yes, sir. (*exit R. C.*)

FRED. How dare he follow me here? But I understand now. Hiram Green told him to do it — and he was right. Never mind, I have the money. I will endorse this, and — (*goes rapidly R.; looking off R.; stops. Stands a moment struggling with his feelings; controls himself by a mighty effort; goes to table in room R.; sits, and endorses check*)

(*Re-enter CODDLE and BILSER. R. C.*)

BILSER. (*L. C.*) But I do not wish to see Mr. Ossian — it is Mrs. Stuart-Dodge. Please give her my card — most important business.

(*CODDLE bows; he is going R. and FRED rises; re-enters.*)

CODDIE. (*R. C.*) Mr. Bilser wishes to see —

FRED. A moment. I have some business with him. (*CODDLE bows and exit L. C.; then FRED calm but decided tone; — scene crescendo from here to end*) You have come to collect your money.

BILSER. (*L. 3.*) I beg pardon, Mr. Ossian —

FRED. (*R. C. With difficulty controlling his anger*) You have had three other claims assigned to you.

BILSER. I have sir, but —

FRED. Give them to me.

BILSER. (*taking papers from his pocket*) But, really, sir, — I must insist — I do not want your money, sir, — I refuse to take it — Here are the three assignments, sir, sent me, but I decline, sir, to have anything to do with them, and I so told Mr. Green.

(FRED *takes papers*) You must let me explain, Mr. Ossian.

FRED. I wish no explanation. (*examining the three papers*)

BILSER. I — dear me — this is very unfortunate. (*aside*)

FRED. (*rapidly looking at the papers*) Four hundred and sixty — three hundred — four hundred and eighty — a paltry twelve hundred dollars — and I have spent thousands with these men. (*then turns fiercely upon BILSER*) How much is your account?

BILSER. I — you must let me explain, sir — It is only about a thousand — but I decline to take your money, sir, — at least, not now. I came here, sir, to collect from Mrs. Stuart-Dodge — (FRED *starts*) Madame Cretonne's bill — nearly three thousand dollars, and —

FRED. (*amazed*) Mrs. Stuart-Dodge! — You came to collect from her! —

BILSER. (L. C.) Yes, sir, — Madame Cretonne — er — my promised wife — giving long credit has almost ruined her — this account is nearly three thousand dollars, and over two years' standing — (FRED *breaks into exultant laughter*)

FRED. You came to collect from her? (*pointing R.*)

BILSER. Yes, sir — and I promised to either collect or sue at once. I — I saw a lawyer to-day and I have the summons here.

FRED. (C. *as before*) A summons! (*laughs*) Not for me, then, but for *her*! (*looking R.*) And she — she who insulted me, — insulted my mother! *She* has debts, too! — and — three thousand dollars! — It is for that she is selling her daughter! — By Heaven, we shall see! Come! (*taking him by the hand and dragging him R.*) There is Mrs. Stuart-Dodge (*indicating R.*), there! (*starts, then in a hoarse whisper*) No! I forgot Miriam. Stand back! — Don't let *her* see you! . . . They are

coming this way. (*forcing him up L. Re-enter GREEN R. U. E.* Go, go — you must! I myself will — (*sees GREEN; stops*)

BILSER. I am sorry — but — (*FRED lays his hand upon BILSER's arm*)

GREEN. (*down R. c. Cheerfully*) Well, been havin' a business talk, eh? Now, I — (*Re-enter MRS. STUART-DODGE, quickly, R. 2 E.*)

MRS. S. D. (R.) Mr. Green — my daughter has just broken her engagement with your son — on account of this — person's interference —

GREEN. My dear madam — Fred is —

MRS. S. D. Dependent on his mother —

GREEN. No ma'am — he has money — (*up a bit as MRS. S. D. X's then down R.*)

MRS. S. D. Money! Then why has this dun followed him to Florida? (X. to R. C.)

BILSER. (L.) You are wrong, ma'am. I came — (*going to her with the summons*)

FRED. (L. C.) Stop! . . . (*then calmly*) Mrs. Stuart-Dodge, you have chosen to insult me — insult my mother — in this house — why?

MRS. S. D. Why? (*then, with intense scorn*) Because you have tried to win my daughter. You — with not a dollar in the world — how dare you come into a young girl's life — come between (*choking with anger*) her and her future! — What home could you offer her! — What money have you to —

FRED. (*losing his control*) Enough! I had intended sparing you, but you have — (*re-enter MIRIAM, R. 2 E. He stops short, seeing her*)

MRS. S. D. (R. C.) Go on! Say it! Say it — before her, and show her the kind of a man for whom —

MIRIAM. (X. C.) No! — I will speak! I have been silent too long! — Mr. Ossian . . . I — I wish to say to you that — (*he checks her; re-enter BARRY R. U. E.*)

FRED. (L. C.) I understand, Miss Stuart-Dodge, without your speaking.

BARRY (R. C. *between GREEN and MRS. S. D.*) And I understand —

GREEN. Barry!

MRS. S. D. Why is this man here? — if you have money — unless you cannot pay, or are dishonorable — (X. to L. of MIRIAM. *Re-enter MRS. OSSIAN R. U. E. go to L. C.*)

BILSER. I came to —

FRED. (*checking him*) He came to collect — some debts — and —

MRS. S. D. (*sneeringly*) And you — are going to —

FRED. (*quietly and with dignity*) To pay them — yes. (*then to BILSER*) Give me all those accounts! — Give me that summons!

MRS. S. D. (*with a sneering smile*) A summons! — Even that disgrace!

MRS. O. (*coming down, L. of FRED and R. of BILSER*) Disgrace! My son — (FRED *checks her; then to MRS. S. D. quietly*)

FRED. No! . . . (*then to MRS. S. D.*) This summons is not a disgrace to either me or my mother. (*then to BILSER*) Is this the amount due you for all these claims?

BILSER. More than enough, Mr. Ossian. There is a balance for you.

FRED. (R. C. *Tears the summons and the papers to fragments, and lets the bits slowly fall from his fingers as he speaks*) Madame — the debts . . . are paid.

(MRS. S. D. *turns to MIRIAM, who waves her hand as though not wishing to speak to her; turns and sinks on the sofa with a sob; face in hands.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT III

SCENE.—GREEN'S house near Lenox, Mass. A.—the house, with veranda, and steps (s.) Rustic table L. C., with two rocking chairs; large tree, with seat. Up R., a Venetian bridge, over the brook which runs thence to the lake (Stockbridge Bowl), about half a mile away. The place is near the Lenox end of the lake, and looking towards Eagle Lake and Stockbridge; Field Hill showing just to the right; Stockbridge C., and the hills about Eagle Lake L. A photograph taken from the old Hawthorne place and looking straight down the lake, will show the scene exactly.

(Enter GREEN R., over the bridge; wears a loose fitting fall suit and the same straw hat seen in Act I. Carries a number of letters, and sorts them as he comes on.)

GREEN. (entering quickly. Brisk scene) Coddle! Coddle!—(enter CODDLE from house L.)—That boy'll miss his train!—Coddle!—(sees him) Is Barry's trunk ready?

CODDLE. (L. C.) Yes, sir. Chawles started with it for the stytion, ten minutes ago, sir, hand then 'e's goink for Mrs. Stuart-Dodge, sir.

GREEN. (R. C.) All right. Tell Barry he's only got twenty minutes—(CODDLE going back into the house)—no,—go out and tell James to hitch up the buckboard,—(watch)—train leaves at four-forty. Tell him to hurry.

CODDLE. Yes, sir. (going R., GREEN comes down to C.)

GREEN. (L. C.) And — let's see — hold on, Coddle! — (*looks at time-table hurriedly*) — Four-forty, — no, that's the down train, — four-forty-two, — that's it! (*beckons to CODDLE to come closer; aside*) Mustn't let her know! — (*with a glance towards the house*) — tell James. (*lower voice*) to wait for the four-forty-two from New York. Mr. Frederick Osian is coming up. (*makes a gesture of silence, glancing towards the house*) Understand? Hurry!

CODDLE. Four-forty-two, — yes, sir. (*going leisurely to bridge*)

GREEN. Step out! — just like they was openin' beer in the barn!

CODDLE. Yes, sir! (*quickens his pace; exit over bridge*)

GREEN. I'll pour a quart of oil down him some day, and limber him up! — (*looks after him. Calls, looking up to second story window*) Barry! — only ten minutes, my boy!

BARRY. (*within, sullenly*) Very well.

GREEN. (*sigh*) I hate to send him over the sea. (*shakes his head sadly*) — But it'll make a man of him — if anythin' will. Ah me! (*sits R., of table, looks over the letter he was reading when he came on*) — Darned if Frederick isn't doin' wonderful! — (*reads*) “And I am free to confess that the increase in our bond and mortgage business has been almost entirely due to his industry and good judgment. Besides he has induced many of his personal friends — some of them large operators, to transfer their accounts to us. Very truly, David Van Brunt, Cashier.” Good! I didn't think he had it in him. (*glancing at letter again*) Only seven months in the bank, and already earning a promotion. Dern me! . . . How glad it'll make his mother! (*cheerfully rubbing his hands*) . . . Yes! . . . (*then becomes suddenly grave*) — But his good fortune'll take her out of my life. (*sigh*) Yes, she'll be goin' soon. (*lapses into reverie*)

SUZANNE. (*in house*) Papa! — O papa! — Papa-a! (*staccato*)

GREEN. (*same tone*) Ye-es. . . . (*then again in reverie*) . . . Yes,— Susan'll be all I have left, to keep a little sunshine in the house. All the rest is goin' fast. (*reverie*)

SUZANNE. (*enters from the house; gloves and parasol in one hand; hat in the other*) Papa! — are you there?

GREEN. (*seated R., of table L. c.*) No, chickie, — I'm here (*pulls himself together*), and I'm busy. (*opening second letter*)

SUZANNE. (*C. Chin up, and severely*) You are? (*goes to steps and comes down during the following*)

GREEN. (*reading the letter*) "The new Board of Directors"—m-m — Is Barry ready?

SUZANNE. Oh, yes,— hold these — (*putting gloves in his hand*) and this — (*parasol. X. to back of table*) — but he's cross as a tomeat because you made him enlist in the navy. (*starts to put her hat on the table, hesitates, tries the table for dust*) O, dear! It's all dust! Here! — (*puts hat on him*)

GREEN. Am I a hat rack?

SUZANNE. (*X. c. Nods*) You are anything I want you to be. (*feels her dress*) What is the matter? (*turning around*)

GREEN. (*examining with a puzzled air*) Blest if I know. Perhaps the — the — what — chemay callem oughter be cut more biaser — You dressed in a hurry.

SUZANNE. (*still fussing with the dress*) Mr. Strong telephoned over from Lenox that he was going to ride over, and — O, dear! Eat too much luncheon! (*giving it a tug*) — he ought to be here now.

GREEN. Yes. He's going away to-morrow, to be gone some time, and there's lots of business —

SUZANNE. (*severely*) You won't see him a minute, till I've finished with him.—That's better!—I've got business for *you, too.* (*during the following, puts on gloves, and then hat*)

GREEN. (*still at table*) About Barry? Well, he'll have to grin and bear it. I've tried every other way, and now I'll see what salt water'll do to season him up.

SUZANNE. It isn't about Barry. (*taking one glove and putting it on*) Why is Mrs. Ossian going away?

GREEN. (*aside; dismally*) I knew it! . . . (*then to her*) 'Tain't my fault! If she's goin'. She told me yesterday that though she hated to part with you —(*slight pause*)

SUZANNE. With me, and (*goes to back of table get hat or gloves. Slight pause*)—with me, AND—

GREEN. (*Shakes his head*) There wasn't any and, chickie,—just you. (*SUZANNE smiles superciliously*)

SUZANNE. Well—?

GREEN. Well—then she said as how Frederick—now that he's given up all his clubs but one, and never goes to that—he's kinder lonesome . . . too. . . .

SUZANNE. (*moving towards GREEN. Eyeing him*) I'd miss Mrs. Ossian awfully, if she went away. (*he nods, sighs, face averted*) I couldn't be lonesome, if she was around. (*peeping around slyly to see his face*)

GREEN. (*sigh*) No,—*nobody* could be lonesome with . . . her.

SUZANNE. (*L. C. Lofty sarcasm*) Oh! you found out that, did you?, . . all by yourself? Why didn't you take me into your confidence long ago? Now you're in *trouble*, and I'm glad of it, for trying to keep a secret from the *only daughter* you've got in the whole world. (*he sighs*) But I

know, just the same! You love Mrs. Ossian — (*he starts*) — now *don't* deny it! — you love her — (*slightly raising her voice*) — and —

GREEN. (*alarmed*) Sh! (*looking towards the house*)

SUZANNE. (*takes second glove, puts it on*) Don't worry! — she knows it.

GREEN. (*rises*) Kno — (*gulp; she nods*) — who told her? (*she indicates herself, makes him a bow*) You?

SUZANNE. (*gravely*) You've been dillydallying over it for six months, and never had pluck to speak up, — so I took a hand in it myself.

GREEN. (*near table L. C. Nearly paralyzed with amazement*) You. WHAT!??

SUZANNE. Wel-l, — I told her you loved her, — (*GREEN in collapse*) — and that you told me to tell her, — there goes a button! — I'll never get another pair at — there goes another! O, pickles! And then I told her that you hoped that she would consider the matter favorably, and arrange the other details at her earliest convenience. (*GREEN helplessly staring at her*) And now, . . . all you have to do is to back up what I said. I've broken the ice for you. (*takes her hat, is putting it on during the following*)

GREEN. What — what did she say?

SUZANNE. I won't tell you. I want you to have some fun. Go up and ask her. (*takes his hand, pulling him up*) Come!

GREEN. (*L. C. Gets up with reluctance*) Wha — what could I say to her?

SUZANNE. (*L. C.*) O, — don't say anything. Just sort of *look* at her, — and then — she'll sort of look at *you*, — and then — it'll come out all right, somehow. Hurry! (*urging him towards stairs*)

GREEN. You've got your father in a nice mess, haven't you?

SUZANNE. (*nods*) You're clean compromised. But now you'll have company when I'm away. (*looking off R.*)

GREEN. (*up to 'stairs*) When you're away? — Where are *you* going?

SUZANNE. (*going R., shades her eyes with her hand; looking off*) Wherever *he* goes.

GREEN. He? — who? . . .

SUZANNE. (*calmly*) Mr. Strong.

GREEN. (*comes down L. c.*) Strong? Is he in love with you?

SUZANNE. M — hm!

GREEN. (*increased amazement*) Has he told you so?

SUZANNE. (*comes down R. c. Comes back to him*) No-o, but he's been *trying* to for the last six months, but just as he's got to sort of stuttering around the point — he's just as big a goose about such things as you are — why, I'd sort of look as though I didn't know what he was driving at, and then he'd get sort of scared, and put it off till next time. (*sigh*) I've had lots of fun with Andrew.

GREEN. But you're not engaged to him yet?

SUZANNE. (*x. down R. Coolly*) No-o! But that's a mere formality. I will be to-day.

GREEN. (*amazed*) To-day?

SUZANNE. He telephoned over to know if I wouldn't go to walk with him, and that means he's going to have another try, and I guess I'll just gently let matters drift to a focus.

GREEN. (*c. Amazed*) Well, I'm jiggered! Strong in love with YOU!

SUZANNE. (*going to him*) M — hm! — you see, papa,—(*patting his cheeks with both hands*) you are one of these dear old reliables — the best, sweetest, old reliable in the world —(*standing on tiptoe, bending his face down, and kissing him*) — but —(*giving him a little cuff*) You're not up-to-date. (GREEN

up L. C. looks off R. Turns, starts)— Oh! — here comes Mrs. Stuart-Dodge and Miriam in the Victoria — hurry! — (*pushing him L.*)

GREEN. (*bewildered*) But what can I say — (*sound of wheels R., then a voice. "Whoa," wheels stop*)

SUZANNE. Say anything — only hurry, or Mrs. Stuart-Dodge'll see you — (*looks R.*) — too late! — she saw you! O, dear! (*stamps, then waves her hand R., in greeting*) — How do! — (*then, hurriedly to GREEN*) You'll have to stay now, but I'll get you away in a minute! (*then speaking R., and raising her voice. You're just in time! runs R., and over the bridge. GREEN glances helplessly towards the house; then goes R.*)

GREEN. Mrs. Stuart-Dodge, ma'am, — delighted! (*enter MRS. STUART-DODGE driving costume and parasol, over bridge; he goes forward to help her. Go L. C. GREEN L., of her*) And Miriam. (*enter MIRIAM over bridge, holding SUZANNE'S hand; MIRIAM carries a notecase of fine leather; with her name "MIRIAM" upon it in silver script*) prettier'n ever! Suzanne ma'am won't have a broad bridge. So we can drive up to the house, — says it's more romanticer to live on an island.

MIRIAM. (*down R. C.*) So it is, — like Venice. Have you ever seen Venice?

SUZANNE. (*R., well down by tree*) N-n! — Guess I'll go there on my wedding trip.

MIRIAM. Your — (*SUZANNE nods*) — then you've settled it? (*Delighted; GREEN and MRS. S. D., go L. C., chatting*)

SUZANNE. (*nods*) I have, — (*they come down R. C.*) — and he'll fall in line to-day. (*cross to R. C.*)

MIRIAM. And — (*with a cautious glance towards MRS. S. D.*) did you — (*whispers her; SUZANNE nods; whispers MIRIAM, who starts delightedly*) To-day? (*SUZANNE nods*) Oh! (*embraces her*) How did

you arrange it? (*both in front of tree. GREEN and MRS. S. D. up L.*)

SUZANNE. (*glibly*) Well, when you wrote that you were coming over this afternoon, I just telephoned down to the office that papa wanted to see Frederick at once, on most important business, and for him to take the twelve-thirty, without fail. (*MIRIAM gives her another hug*) And then Frederick telephoned back to say that he hadn't better come up till after three, because the market was very unsteady, and the office was awfully busy,—so I told him to hold the wire, and then I called out "Papa"—just as if papa was in the room—then I waited a moment, and then I walked over so—(*heavy stride up and down*) and then I jerked the phone open and said—(*imitating GREEN's gruff tone*) "Young man! you come up on that twelve-thirty train, and let the office go to the devil!" (*BOTH laugh*) And I didn't tell papa till after Fred's train had left (*then forgetting and raising her voice*) He'll be here! (*MRS. S. D. hears and turns*)

MIRIAM. (*hugging her*) You darling!

MRS. S. D. (*L. C. up stage. GREEN C., up stage. Suspiciously*) Who is coming, dear? (*both girls start*)

SUZANNE. (*X. to R. C. MIRIAM R. Quickly*) Mr. Strong. He's coming over from Lenox, and we're going walking after Barry's train goes. (*MRS. S. D. nods, satisfied, then turns to GREEN; both girls draw long breaths*)

MRS. S. D. (*L. C.*) So you have decided to send Barrington to sea? He'll look very handsome in his midshipman's uniform. (*enter BARRY from the house; uniform of U. S. sailor; on his cap is "U. S. New York," upon the usual ribbon, in letters of gold. About his neck is the white cord lanyard. He starts upon seeing MRS. S. D. and is about to go back into the house; when GREEN speaks*) Why is

he in uniform now! (X. L. *Both girls on settee tree*)

GREEN. (*rising, going c.*) Yes. You see I was afraid if he had any other clothes, he might change his mind. No, no, my boy — come on! — Nothing to be ashamed of. (*brings BARRY down c.*)

MRS. S. D. (*down L.*) No, indeed,—how very charming it is!—but that is not a midshipman's uniform!

BARRY. (*c. Sullenly*) Midshipman! (*turns away to hide tears*) Fourteen dollars a month, and I've got to wear this pie.

GREEN. (*R. c.*) Yes, and it'll make a man of you. Brace up!—(*patting him on the shoulder*) You're goin' to see the world, and get paid for doin' it. Avast there! (*hitches up his trousers*) Leggo the r'yle top stunsels!—take a reef in the stabbord doldrums! There are blows!—slam bang! you son of a sea cook! what ARE you doin' on the britch of that GUN! Cheer up, my hearty! (*claps him on the shoulder*) There's Miriam, my boy!—Say good-bye—(*watch*) You've only got five minutes, and if you overstay your pass, they'll sock you for ten days on bread and water in Davy Jones's locker.

BARRY. (*half crying*) I don't care how soon I go to—you'll be sorry some day! (*goes R. c.*) MIRIAM rises to greet him. SUZANNE up and to his L., down step)

MIRIAM. Barrington (*giving him her hand*)—I am sorry you are going away. (*both girls chat with him, admiring his uniform. MIRIAM takes off her hat and puts on his cap during the following; SUZANNE puts on the lanyard*)

MRS. S. D. (*L.*) Mr. Green!—surely!—

GREEN. (*c.*) Yes,—(*sigh*)—I've made up my mind that three years at sea will do him good.

MRS. S. D. (*amazed*) But you don't tell me that Barrington is actually going before the mast?

GREEN. (*half sadly*) No,—he and the mast are

going about the same time. (*re-enter CODDLE from house, with pea-jacket and small handbag*) And he'll have nothing to drink for three years.

MRS. S. D. (L.) Nothing to drink?

GREEN. Nothin' but soft hydraulics.

CODDLE. Jymes is here with the buckboard, sir. (*up stage c.*)

GREEN. (L. c. *Briskly*) All right. Barry! — (*watch*) — just time to catch your train, my boy. (*CODDLE exit over bridge, with bag*)

SUZANNE. Be a good boy, Barry! I hope you won't be very seasick! (*puts lanyard on him; kisses him; then comes L. c., wipes a tear from her eye; while he and MIRIAM have a word*) — and write us whenever you can! I hate to have him go! (*puts her face on GREEN'S shoulder*)

GREEN. (L. c. *well over L.*) So do I, Chickie, — so do I. But his ship'll be back and forth all the time. We'll see him again in a couple of months. Cheer up.

MIRIAM. (R. *Aside to BARRY; low voice*) It is better so. Forget that it ever happened.

GREEN. (*Yes c.*) Come, my son!

BARRY. Yes! (*then to MIRIAM*) All right. I'll try to forget, but — I — (*pulls himself together*) — all right, father. I'm ready.

GREEN. (c. *Takes him in his arms*) That's right! — go with a brave heart. Three years will soon pass and then — good-bye, my son. The New York's the pride of the whole navy, and she's a flyer, — but you can't go so fast on her, nor so far, but my heart will follow you. God bless you. (*turns aside to hide his emotion. Up c. then down R. c.*)

MRS. S. D. (L. c. *BARRY Yes to her*) Good-bye. (*he takes her hand silently, then turns to GREEN who has come up R. c.*)

BARRY. (c.) Father, you — you are right. I haven't been a good son, but — I'll try to be a man, now, and when I come back — (*a glance towards*

MIRIAM. X. R. C. GREEN *gives way for him up at bridge*)

GREEN. (L. C. *Takes his hand*) When you come back, I'll give you the MOON if you want it! (*then cheerily*) Now, Miriam and Susan'll see you to the buckboard. Off with you! (*clapping him on the shoulder, and giving him a good-humored push*) Go earn your plum horse and salt-duff.

MRS. S. D. Good-bye.

BARRY. (*cheerfully*) Good-bye! (*waves his hand to them; then to MIRIAM*) Let's race to the buckboard!

MIRIAM. All right! (*runs off; exit*)

BARRY. I'll catch you! (*runs after her; exit*)

SUZANNE. Run! — Miriam — run!

(*Exit R., laughter off R., getting fainter, GREEN and Mrs. S. D. watching.*)

GREEN. (*up stage C.*) He can't catch her! — She runs like an antelope! — by gum! — she got there first!

GREEN. God bless you, my boy. Oh, Barry, don't be too familiar with the Admiral. Don't dine with him more than once or twice a week. Discipline'll do him good. (*then raising his voice*) Good-bye! (*they come down a little*)

BARRY. I won't.

MRS. S. D. (*goes R. Sigh*) I was so anxious to have that engagement renewed for *his* sake. You see, with prospects such as his, — there are so many mercenary persons in the world — (*sigh. Sit*)

GREEN. Better as it is. (X. L. C. *Looks toward house; sigh; then aside*) I wish *she'd* come out. (MRS. S. D. *glances R., then starts to speak, then hesitates*) But I'll ask her. (*sudden burst of courage*) Yes! — I'll — (*weakens*) . . . no — the late lamented —

MRS. S. D. (C. *Hesitatingly*) Mr. Green, I —

GREEN. (*still looking L.*) If Susan told her that, I —

MRS. S. D. There is something which has —

GREEN. (*still musing*)—Made me feel like perfect dern fool — I — (*then sees MRS. S. D.*) I beg your pardon, ma'am,—you were saying —

MRS. S. D. (*hesitating*) Yes,—I — I have only just discovered, Mr. Green,—the — the — great kindness you did me the day we arrived at San Augustine — (*he looks puzzled*)—and —

GREEN. Great kindness —?

MRS. S. D. It was not until last week, when I wrote to — to Madame Cretonne, and sent her something on account — that — that I knew the bill had already been paid. (*opens her note-case*)

GREEN. (*more puzzled*) Bill? — paid? — (*she gives him a cheque, folded; he opens it; reads*) “Garfield Bank, pay to order of Hiram Green twenty-eight hundred and thirty-four dollars” — (*she nods and presses it into his hand*)

MRS. S. D. It was very thoughtful — very delicate of you — but —

GREEN. (*shakes his head*) You don't owe me anything — somebody else.

MRS. S. D. (*SUZANNE and MIRIAM sing outside*) Please! — I *know* that it was you,—Madame Cretonne said that it was paid on March 16th, and that was the day we got to *San Augustine* — it was that night that Miriam's engagement was broken. You knew why that Mr. Bilser had come to Florida, and you paid it — to save Miriam and me mortification.

GREEN. Bilser? I paid him nothing. I thought he came to bother Fred.—Why,—Fred gave him a cheque — (*looks at her; the thought grows in her face*)

MRS. S. D. (*agitated*) No! — (*pause; horrified*) — you . . . you don't think . . . it . . . it was — (*he nods*)—he! — (*he nods; she turns, overcome, and buries her face in her hands*)

GREEN. (*after a brief pause*) I reckon that's just what he did,—and it's just like him.

MRS. S. D. But after the cruel way I treated him — I could die of shame!

GREEN. (*gently*) That's all right,— don't worry — I reckon he did it, but — can't you guess why?

MRS. S. D. I suppose because — because — (*looking R.*)

GREEN. (*nodding R.*) That's just it — and she's worth doin' it for.

(MIRIAM and SUZANNE *laugh off R., then come on the bridge.*)

MIRIAM. (*aside to SUZANNE, as they come on, arms about each other*) Now that he is coming, and I know that I shall see him,— I am the happiest girl in the whole world!

SUZANNE. Me too! (MIRIAM *looks at her*) Andrew! (*they come down a little*)

MRS. S. D. (*giving GREEN both hands*) I will trust you. Explain to him, and — (*giving him the cheque*) give him this, the moment he arrives.

GREEN. (*glancing at MIRIAM, and drily*) No,— not the moment he arrives. He has business far more important. Come in and meet his mother. (X. L. C.) You'll like her. (*they go up L. C., a little, conferring*)

MIRIAM. (*at bench tree R. C.*) Do I mind Frederick's being poor? (*fervently*) I could live with him on nothing a year! — yes, even in Jersey.

SUZANNE. (*ruefully*) Andrew is richer than papa. I wish he was as poor as a bullfrog.

GREEN. I am sure she knows nothing of it.

MIRIAM. (*looks suddenly R., and starts*) Oh! he's coming! That's Frederick in the top buggy. (*gets up; leave her card-case on the bench*)

SUZANNE. So it is! — hide! — get behind the tree!

MIRIAM. Get mama away! (*goes quickly L., of the tree, peeping R., makes a sign to SUZANNE to get Mrs. S. D. away*)

SUZANNE. (*round R. of tree and up C. Innocently*) Papa! — you've business in the house.

GREEN. (*starts*) Eh? (*MRS. S. D., in deep thought, facing L., SUZANNE calls his attention to FREDERICK'S coming, and both girls make furious gestures for him to take MRS. S. D. away*) Oh, yes! (*then to MRS. S. D.*) Come, ma'am,— let us go and see her. (*up steps*)

MRS. S. D. (*sigh*) Yes. (*they go up the steps. On steps*) Miriam, dear. I — I have some business to talk over. You don't mind staying here, do you?

MIRIAM. No, mama,— not if you *must* go. (*SUZANNE claps her hand over her mouth to keep from laughing.*)

GREEN. (*on veranda*) You'll love Mrs. Ossian. She wouldn't mortify you for the world.

MRS. S. D. (*sigh*) I have done wrong — very wrong. (*Yes GREEN. Exit into house*)

SUZANNE. (*C. Lower voice, just as GREEN is about to enter the house*) — Papa! — (*he turns*) don't forget what I told her.

GREEN. (*at the house. Staggers*) Oh, Lord! I forgot that.

SUZANNE. (*demurely*) You're already compromised, remember.

GREEN. I'll have to talk to Mrs. Ossian first, alone. I'll put Mrs. Stuart-Dodge in the conservatory.

(*Exit, sound of wheels off R.*)

MIRIAM. (*who has been cautiously looking around the tree, draws her head back*) He's come. Don't tell him I'm here! (*a voice off R.*)

VOICE. Whoa!

MIRIAM. Tell him — (*whispers her*)

SUZANNE. (*delighted*) Ooh! Yes! Such fun!

FREDERICK. (*off R., scene very brisk from here to exit of STRONG and SUZANNE*) Keep the change. you needn't come back for me. All right.

MIRIAM. (*rapturously*) Now I have him. (*goes to R., of tree as FRED goes C.*)

FRED. (*enters over bridge, coming in front of tree; quickly. He is in a business suit; carries a small satchel; MIRIAM nudges SUZANNE to go out and meet him*) Not a very exciting welcome! (*Sees SUZANNE, comes R. C. from behind tree, as she goes out in front of the tree*)—but—hello!—how do!—(*shakes hands with her as he comes down; speaking rapidly*)—where's your father?—in the house—(*she catches his arm*)

SUZANNE. N-n! You mustn't go in! (*gets in front of him, and MIRIAM to avoid being seen dodges half around the tree*)

FRED. But I must! He sent for me. Important business. Can't fool away time with you now—(*She draws herself up. L. C.*)—don't pout!—he sent for me, I tell you, and I must go in. (*going L., of the tree, and thereby chasing MIRIAM to R., of it; business also for SUZANNE*) I'll see you later.

SUZANNE. (*C. R. Warning tone*) Very well!—only don't blame me if he gets mad. That's all. I tell you he's engaged—(*FREDERICK starts L., again, she stops him and Yes R. C.*)—, or getting himself engaged. You hadn't better go in. I'll tell him you're here. I—I—(*glances around tree, nervously X. L.*)

FRED. Why are you so nervous? What—(*C. Glancing up stage and about to go up, when she quickly interrupts*)

SUZANNE. (*X. L. C., up towards house*) Nothing, I—I'll go and tell papa.

FRED. (*as she crosses him to steps*) All right. Thanks. You're real good, if you are little.

SUZANNE. (*bridling*) Am I? (*aside*) I'll pay him for that!—(*stops two steps up*) By the way—(*indifferently*) have you heard the news?—Miriam Stuart-Dodge is going to be married. (*he gives a tremendous start; drops bag*)

FRED. (*a little L. of c.*) Mir — going to — to whom? . . . Your brother? —

SUZANNE. (*calmly, continuing on her way up*) Nah! — that was broken off long ago. She's going to marry somebody she's been in love with for a long time.

FRED. (*aghast*) Somebody she — hold on! — wait a minute!

SUZANNE. (*chin up, business air*) No, — can't fool away time now. Must see what papa's doing.
(*Exit L. 3 to house.*)

FRED. (*c. Crushed*) Going to marry — been in love a long time! . . . After all my endeavor and cruel waiting, — this!

MIRIAM. (*peeping around the tree. R., of tree*) I cannot see him suffer! — I —

STRONG. (*off R.*) Steady, old girl! — (*MIRIAM starts*) — steady!

MIRIAM. (*looks R.*) Old girl! (*indignant, then looks R.*) — Oh, Mr. Strong was speaking to his horse. (*relieved*) Oh, dear! He'll spoil everything! (*glances nervously R., till FREDERICK speaks*)

FRED. Marry the man she loves! — Well! . . . (*pulls himself together*) Good-bye, rainbows! I'll fall in love! (*desperately*)

MIRIAM. (*bridling*) Will you?

FRED. (*savagely*) I'll break some girl's heart first, and *then* marry her!

MIRIAM. (*furious*) We shall see!

FRED. (*tragic bitterness*) Women are all the same. Some of them seem different — that's all!
(*Enter STRONG over the bridge; he is in riding costume, with hunting crop.*)

MIRIAM. Do they! I shall — (*STRONG sees her*)

STRONG. (*on bridge*) Ah, Miss — (*she makes him a quick gesture of silence*) — I — (*she indicates FREDERICK*) — ah, dear boy! (*she makes signs for him not to betray her presence*)

FRED. (*heavily*) Ah. Strong! Well,—the blow has fallen,—all is over with me.

STRONG. (*to MIRIAM, who has whispered him*) Eh? — quite so! — ha, ha! — devilish good! — capital! (*she lays her finger on her lip; FREDERICK amazed at him*) — quite so! . . . (*nods to MIRIAM, crosses to FREDERICK*) Capital! (*chuckling*)

FRED. (*to STRONG, reproachfully*) I don't see anything so devilish funny in it! I've lost *her*,—forever! *She's* going to marry!

STRONG. (*front of tree R. C.*) Is she? — marry whom, dear boy?

(*Enter SUZANNE, stands on steps of house L. 3.*)

MIRIAM *behind tree R.*)

FRED. (*L. C.*) I don't know,—some infernal idiot! (*STRONG laughs in spite of himself*) I'll bet she don't love him,—I'll bet somebody picked him out for her. Don't laugh! (*lashes himself into a temper*) I'll bet he's a fool! (*goes up stage*) I'll bet any set of people on earth could make a monkey out of him. (*turns*) DON'T LAUGH! I tell you, after all I've suffered,—I — (*then coming down, furious*) I want to see him! — that's all — He's an ASS — (*SUZANNE laughs*) a gibbering, bewildering, blatant, Bloomingdale ass! — I want to look him in the eye! I'll bet he hasn't human intelligence — (*SUZANNE comes down L. Sees SUZANNE, checks himself, mops his face*) And some people don't believe in Darwin! (*SUZANNE sees STRONG, catches her breath; then comes down, demurely*) Well?

SUZANNE. He's *awful* busy.—(*Shyly greets STRONG, who is confused at seeing her*)—How do?

FRED. Are you *sure* he's busy? (*Yes L.*)

SUZANNE. — I — I am sorry papa can't see you for a little while. (*go to STRONG*) Oh, yes. He's — he's — (*fishing for an excuse*) — he's going to take in a partner —

FRED. A partner?

SUZANNE. That's it! — And they're discussing it now. (*Yes STRONG, going to the tree; peeps around; both she and MIRIAM laugh silently*)

FRED. A partner? (*puzzled*) — then I know he wants me. (*coming up again*)

SUZANNE. (*runs quickly after him*) No, no! —

FRED. But he'll want me to draw up the articles of partnership —

SUZANNE. N-n! — the preacher'll do that — I mean — (*bursts out laughing, so does STRONG. STRONG goes R. C.*)

FRED. What is the matter? . . . Am I crazy or WHAT! — let me laugh, too, will you?

SUZANNE. (*checks herself, goes to him*) Poor Fred! — never mind! — I'm sorry you cannot go in the house, but really, papa and — and his future partner are in the drawing room, and there is somebody in the music room you wouldn't care to see just now, — and — if you'll wait out here — why — I think you'll hear something to your advantage. (*with difficulty repressing a laugh and going C., again*)

STRONG. (*R. C.*) Yes, old chap — cheer up! (*going C.*)

SUZANNE. N-n! (*lowered eyes*) Mr. Strong and I are — we — he — Oh, you won't be lonely!

STRONG. No, dear boy, — you won't.

FRED. (*gloomily*) All right. Go! — never mind me! . . . Go! (*lapses into gloomy reverie; looking L.*)

SUZANNE. (*Yes R. C. R. of STRONG. Demurely to STRONG*) Shall we go for that — that walk?

STRONG. (*hesitates*) Yes! (*going R. Looks back at FRED. Stop*) Poor chap — he's hard hit!

SUZANNE. (*airily*) It is his own fault! (*then, as they get to the bridge*)

STRONG. Extraordinary! — how?

SUZANNE. (*looks at him, then drops her eyelids*)

When a man is in love, he should never despair.
(*looks at him; lowers her eyes, exit R.*)

STRONG. (*delighted, bewildered*) By Jove! —
I wonder — no, she didn't mean it!
(*Exit gloomily R. FRED., stands in the same position for a moment.*)

MIRIAM. (*half frightened*) He is in such a —
passion now, that — (FREDERICK *dashes his hand down, with an unspoken "damn"; she starts back affrighted*)

FRED. (*pulls himself together*) Talk of the
tribulations and lamentations of Jeremiah! — I
could give Jerry cards and spades. It isn't her fault,
— no — dear heart! — she loved me once! — (*coming slowly to tree; MIRIAM going gradually behind again*) I know that she knows I loved her. And
that's the finish. I — (*sees the note-case, picks it up*) Ah, — Suzanne has left her pocket-book.
(*sees the name*) Miriam! (*starts, looks around*)
How came *that* here! — can she be — yes! — Suzanne said there was some one in the music room
whom I wouldn't care to see. (*sinks slowly into the bench, staring L.*) Miriam! — here — and I — (*then talking to the note-case*) So you are here, are you?
— her pocket-book. You look thin — like mine has
been of late. (*sigh*)

MIRIAM. (*R., of and back of tree*) He needn't
be so brutally frank!

FRED. *You* caused all the trouble between us.
No — I retract that — it was the lack of something
you *ought* to hold, and which *I* ought to hold — but
I don't, and you don't. Money! . . . money!
— I tell you, — it is a God! — we men and women
effect to despise it, but we don't. — We grovel to the
golden calf to-day, just as low as they did four thousand
years ago, and the man that hasn't the blessing
of it, is best out of the world. *You* know that,
don't you? — and I know it! — and the poorest of
the God-forsaken poor, is the swell who is bagged at

the knees. (*sighs*) Yes, I love Miriam — your mistress — and she — she loved me once — and love is in the market, like the beeves in Chicago and the pigs in Cincinnati, — and we go to the highest bidder. . . . Well! . . . it is over! — But were you filled, and filled again, a thousand times and yet a thousand — I would give it all for that which you have had without the asking, — the touch of her fingers. (*rise. MIRIAM much moved*) I am going to keep you. Yes, — it may be petty larceny, — I'll send back the vile money you have, if you have any, — but you are to be mine — (*kisses it, rises*) mine — forever. Last time I tried to steal a souvenir of her, I got caught, but this time I'd like to see — (*about to put it in his breast pocket*)

MIRIAM. (*R. Breaking from her self-control*) Mr. Ossian! — (*he starts, drops the note-case; turns; bows; she stands confused, face averted; an awkward pause*)

FRED. (*R. C. Starts to speak; hesitates; again tries; then stoops and picks up the note-case, and then, blunderingly*) Miss — Miss Stuart-Dodge, I — I found this — this bit of — of your property, and no doubt it is of great value to you, but —

MIRIAM. (*dismally*) It only has in it two elevated railroad tickets, and — and — and a glove buttoner, — and — a sample of some trimming, but — (*another pause*)

FRED. I — I ought to return it, and — here it is — (*extending it reluctantly*)

MIRIAM. Oh, no — you may keep it, — that is all but the trimming, and the glove buttoner, and a poem cut out of a newspaper — and even that too, if — that is — I heard you say just now that you would like me — as a sort of — relic —

FRED. Yes . . . I — I will keep the — the whole collection. (*puts it in his pocket; another brief pause; he essays to speak again, then suddenly*) Good-bye! (*go L. C.*)

MIRIAM. Good . . . bye! — you are — why do you —

FRED. (*slowly. Despairingly*) Don't you . . . know . . . why . . . I say . . . good-bye?

MIRIAM. (*half timidly; half reproach*) No, I do not see — just because you have my — my — elevated road tickets and — and that trimming and things, that — that you should say good-bye.

FRED. (C. *Passionately*) I have heard of your coming marriage, — and — and your mother —

MIRIAM. (*crosses up L.*) My mother — Oh! — (*sudden start; looking L., alarmed*)

FRED. Is she there? (X. R. C.)

MIRIAM. I — I am afraid she is somewhere there. But I don't care!

FRED. (*bitterly*) Surely, she cannot object to my saying good-bye to you, forever.

MIRIAM. (L. C.) No, — and I'm not in the least afraid.

FRED. (R. C. *Edging a little towards the tree*) Not — nor am I. (*assumed bravado*)

MIRIAM. (*edging also toward the tree, but looking L.*) No, but — but if you are going to say good-bye forever, — don't you think we — that is you — if you went to the other side of the tree, you . . . might take longer to say it?

FRED. (R.) As you wish it, I — (*goes to the other side of the tree. R., of tree*) — I will — will do as you wish. (*she moves slowly to the bench, and sinks into it; L., of tree. Another awkward pause*)

MIRIAM. Well —?

FRED. (*apologetically*) I — I cannot leave you at once, — because Mr. Green — sent for me — and he is — he is busy.

MIRIAM. (*also apologetic*) And mama told me to stay out here till — till she came back, so — I can't leave either. (*another pause*)

FRED. (*nerved up to it*) I — I suppose I should

congratulate you upon your coming marriage, but — I will not play the hypocrite. I — I don't know who he is, but I hate him.

(Scene crescendo from here. And FRED. can take stage as soon as he wishes so he is c., when GREEN comes on.)

MIRIAM. *(catches her breath)* You hate him?

FRED. *(arms folded, prepared for the worst)* Yes! I do!

MIRIAM. *(downcast eyes)* Well, I — I am afraid he deserves it. *(he starts, then, full of apprehension)*

FRED. What has he done?

MIRIAM. He — he — I — I *thought* I was going to marry him, but —

FRED. *(breathless)* Yes — yes — go on! — are you not? —

MIRIAM. He — it seems to me now that — that he is trying to — to find an excuse for saying good-bye.

FRED. The villain!

MIRIAM. I thought he loved me, —

FRED. And you — you loved him? — *(she bows her head; he recoils)* you —

MIRIAM. *(timidly yet fervently)* With all my heart.

FRED. You . . . love . . . him! — *(breaks into hysterical laughter)* the way of the world! — *(flings out his arms despairingly, looking upwards)* what one man throws away, — the other would give his life for! — the way of the world! . . . *(she looks at him, hardly able to conceal her delight)* The scoundrel's name — tell me his name. *(fiercely)*

MIRIAM. *(frightened)* No — no! — *(shrinking)*

FRED. *(tragically)* Yes! —

MIRIAM. *(nervous haste)* But I — he isn't to blame — I — I never told him I loved him — *(he starts back)*

FRED. (*aghast*) Never told him! —

MIRIAM. (*quickly*) But he might have *guessed* it —

FRED. (*amazed*) But you said you were engaged to him! —

MIRIAM. No, — I said I — I hoped to be, but — but mama quarrelled with him — and you know how mama could quarrel.

FRED. (*with enthusiasm*) Mama? — I should say I *do* know mummer can quarrel!

MIRIAM. Well —?

FRED. Go on! —

MIRIAM. I thought *you* were going to say something.

FRED. (*bitterly*) I? — what should I say? — what right have I to say anything?

MIRIAM. I — I don't know, but — please say it!

FRED. (*rapidly in a burst of passion during which she leans forward with clasped hands, delightedly echoing his words under her breath*) Yes! — I will speak! I love you, — I loved you the instant you came into my life, — I worshipped you — there was nothing else — past, present — future — but you — you! — Before the sun dropped on that dear day I first saw you, I knew that I loved — and yet only once had I looked into your eyes, — only once had the music of your voice thrilled me — only once — but no! — (*passionate despair*) — no — I will not tell you! —

MIRIAM. (*eagerly*) Yes — please go on — don't stop!

FRED. Next day — when you went into the surf with that — that emaciated chimpanzee with the polo cap and the brindle jersey —

MIRIAM. That was my cousin —

FRED. Then he *wasn't* a chimpanzee — but — that day — when you sank, and I — I brought you out —

MIRIAM. Upside down —

FRED. (*recklessly*) Yes! — UPSIDE DOWN! — but I couldn't help it! If I had known beforehand, I would have put on evening clothes and pearl kids, and brought you out in a brougham, — but it was an IMPROMPTU!

MIRIAM. Yes — go on! —

FRED. That's all, — good-bye! — (*starts up stage*)

MIRIAM. (*quickly, stretching out her hand*)
No, —

FRED. (*turns*) Why?

MIRIAM. Why, — because — because —

FRED. (*breathless with sudden hope*) — because — Miriam! — I mean — (*smites his hand sharply in despair*) — pardon me — Miss Stuart-Dodge — I — (*averts his face*)

MIRIAM. But I don't mind it! — you may, if — if you choose — call me by my first name, — F — Frederick. (*he nearly faints*)

FRED. (*gasp*) Fuf — Frederick! — (*looks at her, hands outstretched; scarcely daring to believe his ears*) — Miriam, you — you — (*pause, her face averted and bowed*) — tell me —! you — (*GREEN suddenly bursts out of the door, hair on end, wild with delight*)

GREEN. Hooray! — I've got her! — she's mine! — (*coming down L. C.*) — Fred, — she says yes if you will —

FRED. (*wild*) Go away! —

GREEN. But —

FRED. (*going to C.*) I won't hear it! — go back! —

GREEN. But I want to tell you and Miriam —

FRED. (*urging him back*) We don't want to hear it —

MIRIAM. No! —

GREEN. But if you'll only let me —

FRED. (*frenziedly*) Go BACK! — If you don't, I'll resign! — Can't you give me ten minutes vacation —

MIRIAM. And keep mother away —

FRED. (*urging him back*) Yes — go talk to MOTHER!

GREEN. (*going up stairs again*) I will. I'll go back and ask my dear Sophia. (*turns*) but I just —

FRED. (*fiercely*) GO! . . .

GREEN. I — I will but — HOORAY! (*exit into house*)

FRED. (*coming rapidly back to her*) Is he crazy, too? What is the matter to-day? — Suzanne is crazy — Strong is imbecile, and I am not very sure of myself. — (*re-enter GREEN at door*)

GREEN. Say, Fred, — she —

FRED. (*with a crescendo of fury*) Will you GO! . . . (*exit GREEN*) — I know what I'll do! (*runs up the stairs, opens the door, takes the key from behind, locks the door with vicious force, takes out the key, comes down brandishing it*) Now I don't think that anybody will come out — for five minutes — There! — What were you going to say? Tell me — don't stop for details but just tell me — you were saying — (*coming down L., of tree, rapidly*) — call — call me Frederick again — just once — please! —

MIRIAM. (*front of tree. Half frightened, and glancing around him at the house*) I — I will — but — (*breathless*) I — I know you love me, and — but —

FRED. Yes! (*dash of the hand*) I know! — I am poor! — poor and — (*face averted*)

MIRIAM. (*quickly slipping back beside him*) I — I didn't mean that! I — meant if — if you are *that* poor — seventy-five dollars a month or so —

FRED. (*groans*) No — but I only have a hundred and fifty — same thing —

MIRIAM. (*face averted from him*) Then of course — we shall . . . we shall have to economize at first . . . but — (*FRED., rises; looks at her in amazement, and backs a little away during the*

following)—perhaps only a little flat in Harlem, or — don't say Hoboken or Brooklyn — but — yes, even that —

FRED. (*slow to realize*) Economize! — flat in Harlem! — we — see here! You've been fooling me! You are NOT engaged!

MIRIAM. (*feebly*) N-no!

FRED. And — the orang-outang has no existence — you are NOT going to marry —

MIRIAM. Not unless I — I —

FRED. (*R. of tree. Suddenly looks at his hands, takes a ring off his little finger, reaches over quickly, takes her left hand, jams ring on engagement finger*) When is it to be? (*calm tone of authority.* MRS. S. D., *seen opening a window on the veranda; comes out at her cue*) Name the day!

MIRIAM. (*front of tree*) Name the day! — I — how dare you.—(*very gentle indignation*) ask me so — so suddenly, when —

FRED. (*x. R.*) Suddenly NOTHING! You know how I've loved you — you knew it that day at Narragansett! — You may fool other men, but you can't fool me! This thing has been going on a whole year, and *you KNOW* it! (*then bending over her, taking her hand; rapidly, passionately*) Ah, darling — darling! There is nothing can divide us now! — Let all the troubles of the world come, nothing can come between us but —

MRS. S. D. (*pleasantly*) Miriam! Ah, there you are. (*he drops her hand, straightens up against the tree; MIRIAM nearly faints*) I have been waiting in the conservatory for Mr. Green. Something evidently has detained him —(*coming down*) and just as I thought, you are alone. (*as she comes L., and near the foot of the tree, FRED. glides behind it*) And I have something to tell you. (*affably*) You remember Frederick Ossian?

MIRIAM. Y-yes!

MRS. S. D. Why, child — what is the matter?

Have you a chill? (*takes her hand*) No — your hand is warm, and your cheeks are blazing. (*touches them*) Malaria, my dear! You have a slight touch of Lenox malaria.

MIRIAM. But Fr — Mr. Ossian?

MRS. S. D. Yes. (*goes R. of her; FRED. glides around R. of the tree*) I have a surprise for you. I will not tell you why, but — I have made up my mind to allow you to meet him. (*saunters up to bridge; looks off R. with lorgnon*)

MIRIAM. But, mama — (*FRED. makes her a sign to come near him; she shifts to L. side of bench*)

MRS. S. D. (*calmly*) Mr. Green expects him any moment. I feel almost certain he will improve on acquaintance. (*FRED. takes MIRIAM'S face between his hands and kisses her; the kiss lasting several seconds*) In fact, I feel quite confident you will like him. (*FRED. lifts his head; still holding MIRIAM'S face; then quickly kisses her again; the door-knob rattles again*) and I would not be surprised if —

MIRIAM. (*smothered voice*) Ouch! You'll muss my hair. (X. C.)

MRS. S. D. What did you say?
(*FRED., bold upright as before. Re-enter GREEN from the house.*)

GREEN. (L. C.) Who the devil — Did you lock that door? (*to FRED. MRS. S. D. astonished, thinking he is speaking to her*) I will give you the GREAT AMERICAN if — (*front of tree. FRED. makes him a frantic gesture of silence; jerking his thumb towards MRS. S. D.*)

MRS. S. D. (*comes down R. to front of tree. Outraged dignity, but trying to be calm*) Pardon me, Mr. Green — I did not lock the door, — I came through the window, myself. (*coming across in front of the tree; FRED. dodges behind it*) I waited for you quite half an hour!

GREEN. (L. *Sotto voce*) Blest if I didn't forget her.

MRS. S. D. Why should I lock the door? (*crossing to MIRIAM; FRED. R. of the tree*)

GREEN. (L. C. *Confused*) I didn't think you did. I was speaking to — (X. up C., down R. MIRIAM makes a frantic gesture of silence)

MRS. S. D. (*astonished, turning*) Did you lock the door, Miriam?

MIRIAM. (C. *Astonished and nervous*) Why — no, mama —

GREEN. (*hastily*) No — she didn't — somebody — I — he — Here comes Fred. now.

(MIRIAM makes a quick dissenting gesture to stop

GREEN; then catches her mother's eye; GREEN goes R. of the tree; FRED. almost collapses; MIRIAM goes to MRS. S. D. who starts at FREDERICK'S name and goes down L. C. a little.)

MRS. S. D. Frederick! How very embarrassing — (*confused*)

GREEN. (L. of FRED. who has been expostulating with FRED.) It's all right.

FRED. (R. of tree. *Groan*) All right!

MRS. S. D. (L. C. to MIRIAM) Let me speak a word to him — alone —

MIRIAM. (C.) If you are going to be unkind to him again — (MIRIAM sits at tree)

MRS. S. D. No, my dear — not unkind. — He is coming.

(Motions MIRIAM to leave her; half averts her face towards L., embarrassed; MIRIAM turns to FRED., makes a slight despairing gesture; goes to the tree and sits, broken-hearted.)

GREEN. (*holding him up; and urging him*) Brace up! I will stand by you! She's all right! Come along!

FRED. (*holding back*) But —

GREEN. Nonsense. (*pulling him L. C.*) Mrs. Dodge, ma'am, Stuart-Dodge, I mean — I always forget that — May I — Frederick — but you have both met before. Shake hands!

FRED. (*embarrassed and afraid*) I — I —

MRS. S. D. (*most cordially extending her hand, but nervously*) We have seen each other, but — but owing to a little misunderstanding — (*GREEN goes to MIRIAM*)

FRED. (*nervously extending his hand towards her; draws it back a little, and then takes hers, much with the manner of one touching a bear-trap*) A misunderstanding? Is that what you call it — I mean — delighted. (*gives her hand another shake*) I do remember.

MRS. S. D. (*giving his hand an extra grip*) I was sure you would.

GREEN. (*R. C. Aside to MIRIAM X. R.*) It's all right, now. Whoop! (*shakes her hand*)

MRS. S. D. I have a secret to tell you.

FRED. (*C. to MRS. S. D. mystified*) A secret to tell me?

MRS. S. D. (*L. C. Averting her face, embarrassed*) Not exactly a secret — but you must now — or Mr. Green can explain —

FRED. Mr. Green explain? (*looks at GREEN*) Oh yes!

GREEN. You know — (*laying finger on lip, and nodding towards MIRIAM*) Yes, you know.

FRED. Oh, yes, certainly, and I congratulate you. (*going to him and shaking him by the hand. MRS. S. D. starts and looks at him*)

GREEN. Congratulate?

FRED. Certainly. (*then imitates GREEN's speech when he entered*) I've got her! She's mine! Hooray! (*then nods towards MRS. S. D.*) Fine woman, — I congratulate you.

GREEN. I — I —

FRED. (*to MRS. S. D.*) And I congratulate you too, Madam.

MRS. S. D. Upon what?

GREEN. (*almost collapses*) Oh, Lord! How'll I tell him?

MRS. S. D. I do not understand.

GREEN. (*going towards L. Miserably*) I'll go in and ask her what's the fash'nable thing to do.

MRS. S. D. There is some mistake,—certainly I —

(*Re-enter SUZANNE over bridge, quickly.*)

SUZANNE. Papa! Come along, Andrew, O papa! (*then sees MIRIAM; then speaking off R. Come C.*) Papa! (*up C.*)

GREEN. (*turns, miserably*) What?

SUZANNE. (*importantly*) Andrew and I took that walk.

GREEN. Go take another. (*up to veranda*)
(*Enter STRONG over bridge.*)

STRONG. I beg pardon, but your respected father — shall I tell him that you proposed to me — I mean that you accepted me?

SUZANNE. No need to — I told him half an hour ago. (*X. down R. to M.*)

STRONG. (*sotto voce*) Most extraordinary people, but she is delicious.

MIRIAM. (*clasping SUZANNE*) You darling! (*STRONG joins in the group; MIRIAM congratulates him in dumb show*)

GREEN. (*on veranda; trying the door; then knocks*) Sophia! (*softly*) O, Sophy, unlock the door. Well, who did lock it, then? O, I forgot.

(*Exit into house through window.*)

MRS. S. D. (*L. C. to FRED*) Cannot you possibly guess what I mean? — The great service you rendered me and my daughter —

FRED. (*C.*) I do. But there was a bathing master hired for that purpose.

MRS. S. D. I do not mean that little episode at Narragansett, but — but another — which — (*clasping her hands*) I cannot say. — It is too mortifying — (*turns aside*) If Miriam knew it, I should die.

FRED. Do not think of it again.

MRS. S. D. But the obligation you have placed me under —

FRED. A man is under no obligation when he has done something for his mother — I mean, her mother — I mean — that is — I hope — but we are friends.

MRS. S. D. (*giving both her hands*) We are. You are the noblest fellow in the world.

FRED. (*aside*) Am I? (*re-enter GREEN through the window leading MRS. OSSIAN*) 'The noblest?

GREEN. (*very much scared*) Now don't be afraid,— It'll be all over in a minute,—and we might just as well take Fred by the horns,— I mean break the news to the bull —

MRS. S. D. (*to FRED.*) I gave Mr. Green a check for the whole amount. Ah, here he is now. Mr. Green, I have explained to Mr. Ossian.

GREEN. (*FRED. X. to R. C. Draws MRS. OSSIAN'S arm through his, as they come down*) Yes, ma'am, — but first of all let me explain — I — Fred — m'm — I — When you heard me hurraying a minute ago, that she was mine, I meant — if you will allow me — (*FRED. starts back in surprise*)

MRS. S. D. (*to MRS. OSSIAN*) My dear Sophia, as your old school-mate, let me congratulate you. (*takes both her hands*)

FRED. (*amazedly*) You—(*then in a tone of injured reproach*) You are going to make me an orphan — you —(*then sternly*) Before this goes any further, may I ask what are your prospects?

GREEN. The immediate prospect is that you will have your salary raised —

FRED. Well, how much? I'm doing the work of three men.

GREEN. I'll raise you ten per cent. That's enough for a single man.

FRED. No.

GREEN. And be junior partner in the firm.

MRS. S. D. (*delightedly*) Junior partner.

FRED. (*importantly*) All right. I will not be

unkind to your young hearts;—take her and be happy. (*And up stage for MIRIAM*)

SUZANNE. (*down R., in front of tree. STRONG L. of S.*) Andrew and I have taken that walk.

GREEN. (*X. to R. C., MRS. OSSIAN following*) Do you mean to say that —(*then to STRONG*) Is that so?

STRONG. (*in front of tree. L. of SUZANNE. Almost R.*) Quite extraordinary, but it is.

MRS. S. D. (*to FRED., who has come down L. C. MIRIAM C.*) But let me do something to show my gratitude to you.

FRED. Pray do not speak of gratitude. It was a — I could have done nothing else.

MRS. S. D. But, something — please.

FRED. (*smilingly glancing towards MIRIAM, who with clasped hands, face averted over them, has been eagerly listening to every word*) Might I have the honor then, madam, of being presented to your daughter?

MRS. S. D. The honor and pleasure are ours. Miriam, dear —(*X. between FRED. and MIRIAM. MIRIAM starts*) Miriam —(*she comes a few paces towards them, with downcast eyes*) I wish to present to you a very dear friend of mine — one, dear, who saved your life at Narragansett — and to whom — I am under special obligations. (*then to FRED.*) Mr. Ossian, my daughter.

MIRIAM. (*advancing shyly and smilingly towards FRED. C.*) I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Ossian — (*giving him her hand*)

FRED. AT LAST! (*draws her quickly to him; head on his shoulder, and kisses her. MRS. S. D., surprised. STRONG kisses SUZANNE; GREEN holding MRS. OSSIAN's hand, and looking down the stage*)

GREEN. HOORAY!

CURTAIN.

(French's Standard Drama Continued from 2d page of Cover.)

VOL. XLI.	VOL. XLIV.	VOL. XLVII.	VOL. L.
321 The Pirate's Legacy	345 Drunkard's Doom	369 Saratoga	393 Fine Feathers
322 The Charcoal Burner	346 Chimney Corner	370 Never Too Late to Mend	394 Prompter's Box
323 Adelgitha	347 Fifteen Years of a Drunk-	371 Lily of France	395 Iron Master
324 Senior Valiente	348 No Thoroughfare [and's	372 Led Astray	396 Engaged
325 Forest Rose	349 Peep O' Day [Life	373 Henry V	397 Pygmalion & Galatea
326 Duke's Daughter	350 Everybody's Friend	374 Unequal Match	398 Leah
327 Camilla's Husband	351 Gen. Grant	375 May or Dolly's Delusion	399 Scrap of Paper
328 Pure Gold	352 Kathleen Mavourneen	376 Allatona	400 Lost in London
VOL. XLII.	VOL. XLV.	VOL. XLVIII.	VOL. LI.
329 Ticket of Leave Man	353 Nick Whiffles	377 Enoch Arden	401 Octoroon
330 Fool's Revenge	354 Fruits of the Wine Cup	378 Under the Gas Light	402 Confederate Spy
331 O'Neil the Great	355 Drunkard's Warning	379 Daniel Rochat	403 Mariner's Return
332 Handy Andy	356 Temperance Doctor	380 Caste	404 Ruined by Drink
333 Pirate of the Isles	357 Aunt Dinah	381 School	405 Dreams
334 Fanchon	358 Widow Heart	382 Home	406 M. P.
335 Little Barefoot	359 Frou Frou	383 David Garrick	407 War
336 Wild Irish Girl	360 Long Strike	384 Ours	408 Birth
VOL. XLIII.	VOL. XLVI.	VOL. XLIX.	VOL. LII.
337 Pearl of Savoy	361 Larcers	385 Social Glass	409 Nightingale
338 Dead Heart	362 Luille	386 Daniel Druce	410 Progress
339 Ten Nights in a Bar-room	363 Randall's Thumb	387 Two Roses	411 Play
340 Dumb Boy of Manchester	364 Wicked World	388 Adrienne	412 Midnight Charge
341 Belphegor the Mountebank	365 Two Orphans	389 The Bells	413 Confidential Clerk
342 Cricket on the Hearth	366 Colleen Bawn	390 Uncle	414 Snowball
343 Printer's Devil	367 Twist Axe and Crown	391 Courtship	415 Our Regiment
344 Meg's Diversion	368 Lady Clancathy	392 Not Such a Fool	416 Married for Money Hamlet in Three Acts Guttle & Gulpit

FRENCH'S INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHTED EDITION OF THE WORKS OF THE BEST AUTHORS.

The following very successful plays have just been issued at 25 cents per copy.

A PAIR OF SPECTACLES. Comedy in 3 Acts by SYDNEY GRUNDY, author of "Sowing the Wind," &c. 5 male, 3 female characters.

A FOOL'S PARADISE. An original play in 3 Acts by SYDNEY GRUNDY, author of "Sowing the Wind," &c. 5 male, 4 female characters.

THE SILVER SHIELD. An original comedy in 3 Acts by SYDNEY GRUNDY, author of "Sowing the Wind," &c. 5 male, 3 female characters.

THE GLASS OF FASHION. An original comedy in 4 Acts by SYDNEY GRUNDY, author of "Sowing the Wind," &c. 5 male, 5 female characters.

THE BALLOON. Farcical comedy in 5 Acts by J. H. DARNLEY and MANVILLE FENN. 6 male, 4 female characters.

MISS CLEOPATRA. Farce in 3 Acts by ARTHUR SHIRLEY. 7 male, 3 female characters.

SIX PERSONS. Comedy Act by I. ZANGWILL. 1 male, 1 female character.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE. Comedietta in 1 Act by PERCY FENDALL. 1 male, 1 female character.

HIGHLAND LEGACY. Comedy in 1 Act by BRANDON THOMAS, author of "Charley's Aunt." 5 male, 2 female characters.

Contents of Catalogue which is sent Free.

Amateur Drama	Evening's Entertainment	New Recitation Books
Amateur Operas	Fairy and Home Plays	Nigger Jokes and Stump Speeches
Articles Needed by Amateurs	French's Costumes	Parlor Magic
Art of Scene Painting	French's Editions	Parlor Pantomimes
Baker's Reading Club	French's Italian Operas	Pieces of Pleasantry
Beards, Whiskers, Mustaches, etc.	French's Parlor Comedies	Poems for Recitations
Bound Sets of Plays	French's Standard and Minor Drama	Plays for Male Characters only
Bulwer Lytton's Plays	French's Standard and Minor Drama, bound	Round Games
Burlesque Dramas	French's Scenes for Amateurs	Scenery
Burnt Cork	Frobisher's Popular Recitals	Scriptural and Historical Dramas
Cabman's Story	Grand Army Dramas	Sensation Dramas
Carnival of Authors	Guide Books for Amateurs	Serbo-Comic Dramas
Charade Plays	Guide to Selecting Plays	Shadow Pantomimes
Children's Plays	Hints on Costumes	Shakespeare's Plays for Amateurs
Comic Dramas for Male Characters only	Home Plays for Ladies	Shakespeare's Plays
Costume Books	Irish Plays	Stanley's Dwarfs
Crape Hair	Irving's Plays	Spirit Gum
Cumberland Edition	Juvenile Plays	Tableaux Vivants
Darkey Dramas	Make-Up Book	Tadma Actor's Art
Dramas for Boys	Make-Up Box	Temperance Plays
Drawing-room Monologues	Mock Trial	Vocal Music of Shakespeare's Plays
Elocution, Reciters and Speakers	Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works	Webster's Acting Edition
Ethiopian Dramas	New Plays	Wigs, etc.

(French's Minor Drama Continued from 4th page of Cover.)

VOL. XLI.	VOL. XLIII.	VOL. XLIII.	VOL. XLIV.
321 Adventures of a Love	329 As Like as Two Peas	337 Sunset	345 Who's To Win Him
322 Lost Child [Letter	330 Presumptive Evidence	338 For Half a Million	346 Which is Which
323 Court Cards	331 Happy Band	339 C. de Car	347 Cup of Tea
324 Cox and Box	332 Pinafore	340 Early Bird	348 Sarah's Young Man
325 Forty Winks	333 Mock Trial	341 Aladdin Play	349 Hearts
326 Wonderful Woman	334 My Uncle's Will	342 Show of Hands	350 In Honor Bound [Law
327 Curious Case	335 Happy Pair	343 Barbara	351 Freezing a Mother-in-
328 Tweedleton's Tail Coat	336 My Turn Next	344 Who's Who	352 My Lord in Livery

SAMUEL FRENCH, 26 West 22d St., New York City.

FRENCH'S MINOR DRAMA.

Price 15 Cents each.—Bound Volumes \$1.25.

VOL. I.

- 1 The Irish Attorney
- 2 Boots at the Swan
- 3 How to Pay the Rent
- 4 The Loan of a Lover
- 5 The Dead Shot
- 6 His Last Legs
- 7 The Invisible Prince
- 8 The Golden Farmer

VOL. II.

- 9 Ride of the Market
- 10 Used Up
- 11 The Irish Tutor
- 12 The Barrack Room
- 13 Like the La oier
- 14 Beauty and the Beast
- 15 St. Patrick's Eve
- 16 Captain of the Watch

VOL. III.

- 17 The Secret [pers]
- 18 White Horse of the Peps
- 19 The Jacobite
- 20 The Bottle
- 21 Box and Cox
- 22 Bamboo-zing
- 23 Widow's Victim
- 24 Robert Mucare

VOL. IV.

- 25 Secret Service
- 26 Ombus
- 27 Irish Lion
- 28 Maid of Croissy
- 29 The Old Guard
- 30 Raising the Wind
- 31 Slander and Crusher
- 32 Naval Engagements

VOL. V.

- 33 Cocknies in California
- 34 Who Speaks First
- 35 Bombastes Furioso
- 36 Macbeth Travestie
- 37 Irish Ambassador
- 38 Delicate Ground
- 39 The Weathercock [Gold]
- 40 All that Glitters is Not

VOL. VI.

- 41 Grimslaw, Bagshaw and Bradshaw
- 42 Rough Diamond
- 43 Bloomer Costume
- 44 Two Bonny-catties
- 45 Born to Good Luck
- 46 Kiss in the Dark [Jurer]
- 47 Twould Puzzle a Con-
- 48 Kill or Cure

VOL. VII.

- 49 Box and Cox Married and
- 50 St. Cupid [Settled]
- 51 Go-to-bed Tom
- 52 The Lawyers
- 53 Jack Sheppard
- 54 The Toodles
- 55 The Mobcap
- 56 Ladies Beware

VOL. VIII.

- 57 Morning Call
- 58 Popping the Question
- 59 Dead as a Post
- 60 Ne-z Footman
- 61 Pleasant Neighbor
- 62 Paddy the Piper
- 63 Brian O'Linn
- 64 Irish Assurance

VOL. IX.

- 65 Temptation
- 66 Paddy Carey
- 67 Two Gregories
- 68 King Charming
- 69 Poca-hon-tas
- 70 Clockmaker's Hat
- 71 Married Rake
- 72 Love and Murder

VOL. X.

- 73 Ireland and America
- 74 Pretty Piece of Business
- 75 Irish Broom-maker
- 76 To Paris and Back for Five Pounds
- 77 That Blessed Baby
- 78 Our Gal
- 79 Swiss Cottage
- 80 Young Widow

VOL. XI.

- 81 O'Flannigan and the Fairies
- 82 Irish Post
- 83 My Neighbor's Wife
- 84 Irish Tiger
- 85 P. P., or Man and Tiger
- 86 To Oblige Benson
- 87 State Secrets
- 88 Irish Yankee

VOL. XII.

- 89 A Good Fellow
- 90 Cherry and Fair Star
- 91 Gale Breezely
- 92 Our Jeeminy
- 93 Miller's Maid
- 94 Awkward Arrival
- 95 Crossing the Line
- 96 Conjugal Lesson

VOL. XIII.

- 97 My Wife's Mirror
- 98 Life in New York
- 99 Middy Ashore
- 100 Crown Prince
- 101 Two Queens
- 102 Thumping Legacy
- 103 Unfinished Gentleman
- 104 House Dog

VOL. XIV.

- 105 The Demon Lover
- 106 Matrimony
- 107 In and Out of Place
- 108 I Dine with My Mother
- 109 Hia-wa-tha
- 110 Andy Blake
- 111 Love in '76 [tie-]
- 112 Romance under Difficul-

VOL. XV.

- 113 One Coat for 2 Suits
- 114 A Decided Case
- 115 Daughter [no rity]
- 116 No; or, the Glorious Mi-
- 117 Coroner's Inquisition
- 118 Love in Humble Life
- 119 Family Jars
- 120 Persuasion

VOL. XVI.

- 121 Children in the Wood
- 122 Winning a Husband
- 123 Day After the Fair
- 124 Make Your Wills
- 125 Rendezvous
- 126 My Wife's Husband
- 127 Monsieur Tonson
- 128 Illustrious Stranger

VOL. XVII.

- 129 Mischief-Making [Mi nes]
- 130 A Live Woman in the
- 131 The Corsair
- 132 Shylock
- 133 Spoiled Child
- 134 Evil Eye
- 135 Nothing to Narse
- 136 Wanted a Widow

VOL. XVIII.

- 137 Lottery Ticket
- 138 Fortune's Frolic
- 139 Is he Jealous?
- 140 Married Bachelor
- 141 Husband at Sight
- 142 Irishman in London
- 143 Anti-art Magnetism
- 144 Highways and By-Ways

VOL. XIX.

- 145 Columbus
- 146 Harlequin Bluebeard
- 147 Ladies at Home
- 148 Phenomenon in a Smock Frock
- 149 Comedy and Tragedy
- 150 Opposite Neighbors
- 151 Dutchman's Ghost
- 152 Persecuted Dutchman

VOL. XX.

- 153 Magic Ball
- 154 Great Tragic Revival
- 155 High Low Jack & Game
- 156 A Gentleman from Ire-
- 157 Tom and Jerry [land]
- 158 Village Lawyer
- 159 Captain's not a-miss
- 160 Amateurs and Actors

VOL. XXI.

- 161 Promotion [ual]
- 162 A Fascinating Individ-
- 163 Mrs. Caudle
- 164 Shakespeare's Dream
- 165 Naptune's Defeat
- 166 Lady of Bedchamber
- 167 Take Care of Little
- 168 Irish Widow [Charley]

VOL. XXII.

- 169 Yankee Peddler
- 170 Hiram Hireout
- 171 Double-Bedded Room
- 172 The Drama Defended
- 173 Vermont Wool Dealer
- 174 Ebenezer Venture [ter]
- 175 Principles from Charac-
- 176 Lady of the Lake (Trav)

VOL. XXIII.

- 177 Mad Dogs
- 178 Barney the Baron
- 179 Swiss Swains
- 180 Bachelor's Bedroom
- 181 A Roland for an Oliver
- 182 More Blunders than One
- 183 Dumb Belle
- 184 Limerick boy

VOL. XXIV.

- 185 Nature and Philosophy
- 186 Teddy the Tiler
- 187 Spectre Bridegroom
- 188 Matteo Falcone
- 189 Jenny Lind
- 190 Two Buzzards
- 191 Happy Man
- 192 Betsy Baker

VOL. XXV.

- 193 No. 1 Round the Corner
- 194 Teddy Roe
- 195 Object of Interest
- 196 My Fellow Clerk
- 197 Bengal Tiger
- 198 Laughing Hyena
- 199 The Victor Vanquished
- 200 Our Wife

VOL. XXVI.

- 201 My Husband's Mirror
- 202 Yankee Land
- 203 Norah Creina
- 204 Good for Nothing
- 205 The First Night
- 206 The Eton Boy
- 207 Wandering Minstrel
- 208 Wanted, 1000 Milliners

VOL. XXVII.

- 209 Poor Pilcrowdy
- 210 The Mummy [Glasses]
- 211 Don't Forget your Opera
- 212 Love in Livery
- 213 Anthony and Cleopatra
- 214 Trying It On
- 215 Stage Struck Yankee
- 216 Young Wife & Old Umbrella

VOL. XXVIII.

- 217 Crinoline
- 218 A Family Failing
- 219 Adopted Child
- 220 Turned Heads
- 221 A Match in the Dark
- 222 Advice to Husbands
- 223 Siamese Twins
- 224 Sent to the Tower

VOL. XXIX.

- 225 Somebody Else
- 226 Ladies' Battle
- 227 Art of Acting
- 228 The Lady of the Lions
- 229 The Rights of Man
- 230 My Husband's Ghost
- 231 Two Can Play at that Game
- 232 Fighting by Proxy

VOL. XXX.

- 233 Unprotected Female
- 234 Pet of the Petticoats
- 235 Forty and Fifty [book]
- 236 Who Stole the Pocket
- 237 My Son Diana [sion]
- 238 Unwarrantable Intru-
- 239 Mr. and Mrs. White
- 240 A Quiet Family

VOL. XXXI.

- 241 Cool as Cucumber
- 242 Sudden Thoughts
- 243 Jumbo Jim
- 244 A Blighted Being
- 245 Little Toddlekins
- 246 A Lover by Proxy
- 247 Maid with the M
- 248 Perplexing Predic

VOL. XXXII.

- 249 Dr. Dilworth
- 250 Out to Nurse
- 251 A Lucky Hit
- 252 The Dowager
- 253 Metamora (Burles)
- 254 Dreams of Delusio
- 255 The Shaker Lover
- 256 Ticklish Times

VOL. XXXIII.

- 257 20 Minutes with a
- 258 Miralda; or, the of Tacon
- 259 A Soldier's Courts
- 260 Servants by Legac
- 261 Dying for Love
- 262 Alarming Sacrific
- 263 Valet de Sham
- 264 Nicholas Nickleby

VOL. XXXIV.

- 265 The Last of the P
- 266 King Rene's Daug
- 267 The Grotto Nym
- 268 A Devilish Good
- 269 A Twice Told Ta
- 270 Pas de Fascinat
- 271 Revolutionary So
- 272 A Man With a

VOL. XXXV.

- 273 The Olio, Part 1
- 274 The Olio, Part 2
- 275 The Olio, Part 3
- 276 The Trumpeter's
- 277 Seeing Warren
- 278 Green Mountain
- 279 That Nose
- 280 Tom Noddy's Se

VOL. XXXV.

- 281 Shocking Events
- 282 A Regular Fix
- 283 Dick Turpin
- 284 Young Scump
- 285 Young Actress
- 286 Call at No. 1—7
- 287 One Touch of Na
- 288 Two B'hoys

VOL. XXXVI.

- 289 All the World's
- 290 Quash, or, Nigge
- 291 Turn Him Out
- 292 Pretty Girls of S
- 293 Angel of the Att
- 294 Circumstantial
- 295 Katty O'Sheal
- 296 A Supper in Dis

VOL. XXXVI.

- 297 I'd on Parle Frai
- 298 Who Killed Coe
- 299 Declaration of Ir
- 300 Heads or Tails
- 301 Obstinate Famil
- 302 My Aunt
- 303 That Rascal Pat
- 304 Don Paddy de B

VOL. XXXIX.

- 305 Too Much for Ge
- 306 Cure for the Fidj
- 307 Jack's the Lad
- 308 Much Ado About
- 309 Artful Dodger
- 310 Winning Hazard
- 311 Day's Fishing
- 312 Did you ever sen

VOL. XL.

- 313 An Irishman's M
- 314 Cousin Fannie
- 315 'Tis the Darkest I
- 316 Masquerade [for
- 317 Crowding the Se
- 318 Good Night's Res
- 319 Man with the Car
- 320 Terrible Tinker

(French's Minor Drama Continued on 3d page of Cover.)

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 785 527 A